

THE LIVING AGE.

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{ FROM BEGINNING
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CONTENTS

| | | |
|---|------------------------------|-----|
| I. Advance America! <i>By Shane Leslie</i> | DUBLIN REVIEW | 707 |
| II. Admiral Sims. <i>By Henry Leach</i> | CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL | 713 |
| III. John-a-Dreams. <i>By Katharine Tynan.</i> | | |
| Chapter IX. The Returned Traveler. | | |
| Chapter X. Young Terence. (To be continued) | | 718 |
| IV. The Peril of Underground Germanism. | | |
| <i>By W. Morris Colles</i> | NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER | 729 |
| V. Two Permanent Causes of Industrial Unrest. <i>By W. A. Spooner</i> | CHURCH QUARTERLY REVIEW | 736 |
| VI. Mummy. <i>By Guy Fleming</i> | | 745 |
| VII. The Americans in France | TIMES | 747 |
| VIII. The War to End War | LONDON POST | 751 |
| IX. Superior Persons | SATURDAY REVIEW | 753 |
| X. Six-and-a-Penny-Halfpenny. <i>By R. C. Lehmann</i> | PUNCH | 755 |
| XI. Russia and Retribution | SATURDAY REVIEW | 756 |
| XII. The Navy and the Offensive | MANCHESTER GUARDIAN | 759 |
| WARTIME FINANCE | | |
| XIII. Parliament and Finance | ECONOMIST | 761 |
| XIV. America's Task | LONDON POST | 764 |
| A PAGE OF VERSE | | |
| XV. The Voices | BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE | 706 |
| XVI. The Island of Dreams. <i>By Gertrude Pitt</i> | BOOKMAN | 706 |
| BOOKS AND AUTHORS | | 765 |



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THE VOICES.

(Written on leave in a Kentish garden.)

Slow breaks the hushed June dawn:
 The pearl-soft light
 Strikes from the dew-wet lawn
 Diamonds bright,
 And, out of sight,
 Poised in the limpid blue on quivering
 wings,
 A lark pours out his soul to God and
 sings
 Of hope and faith and love and homely
 things.

Each dew-kissed rose
 Lifts to the ardent Sun her velvet lip.
 The splendor grows,
 And every jeweled tip
 Flashes a myriad, golden, mimic suns.
 Then—on the stilled air,
 Sullen and sinister,
 Mutter the Voices—the Guns.

Noon lifts his flaming crown:
 Faint in the heat
 The blue hills burn, and down
 The village street
 On laggard feet,
 A carter walks beside his sweating
 team,
 Pausing to let them water at the
 stream.
 On the white road the purple shadows
 dream,
 And like a bell
 Told faint in fairyland, a cuckoo's
 note
 Rings from the dell.
 Clad in his emerald coat
 Across the dusty road a lizard runs.
 Then—through the heat,
 With dull menacing beat,
 Mutter the Voices—the Guns.

Soft falls Night's star-hung veil:
 In the warm glow
 The roses sigh and fill
 With rich perfume
 The lighted room,
 With wave on wave of incense like a
 prayer.
 The candles burn straight in the wind-
 less air,

And there is sound of laughter, free
 from care.
 Softly the light
 Falls upon gleaming silver and thin
 glass
 And damask white.
 But—as the moments pass
 And the talk dies to silence and hushed
 tones,
 With shuddering breath,
 Chanting their song of Death,
 Mutter the Voices—the Guns.
 Blackwood's Magazine.

THE ISLAND OF DREAMS.

I know a little hidden glen across the
 shimmering seas:
 And there a fairy fiddler
 Weaves a web for my enchantment
 Lovelier than a thrush's song, and
 softer than a breeze,

Making melodies—O magic of the
 bow upon the strings!
 Till I must seek the Island
 Of Dreams and golden glamour,
 For he is calling, calling me to spread
 forgotten wings.

But ever when I reach the shore the
 glamour disappears:
 His spirit still eludes me,
 And he seems remote and alien,
 And his melancholy music blinds me
 with a mist of tears.

Drearly the hours loiter, till the moon
 is out above,
 When the sky's dear blue is sombre,
 Like his eyes, profound and secret,
 Yet I can see a little star, as lonely as
 my love.

And I cannot leave the Island: forever
 I am fain
 To follow when he calls me,
 And plays upon my heart-strings—
 O perfect rose of rapture! O mystic
 thorn of pain!

Gertrude Pitt.

The Bookman.

ADVANCE AMERICA!

"Some time in the dim future it may be that all the English-speaking peoples will be able to unite in some kind of confederacy."—Theodore Roosevelt, 1896.

"If there is to be in the coming century a great battle of Armageddon, once more in Europe against the Huns, we can no more help taking our part with the hosts of freedom than we can help educating our children, building our churches or maintaining the rights of the individual."—Prof. A. B. Hart, 1901.

"To advocate international *laissez-faire* now is to speak a counsel of *désespoir*."—Walter Lippmann, 1914.

"No nation can any longer remain neutral as against any wilful disturbance of the peace of the world."—Woodrow Wilson, 1916.

To many, and to her own self, the United States is a great and portentous problem. This was so especially during the first two years of war, when admitted guides disputed whether she was pro-German or pro-Ally, and the only destiny that a majority of her children could agree upon was that she had no destiny. The Monroe doctrine was strained in order to convey to outsiders that America was the outside of the world, that the hemisphere was hermetical, and that the great unworried, unwearied, unwarrior continent must fulfil her manifest or hidden destiny, unentangled by Europe.

This was described as pro-Americanism. And yet this Americanism, which passionately demanded moral

and industrial neutrality, was not the original Americanism which in a century had multiplied its acreage by ten, which had never hesitated to penetrate by force into territory possessed by red or white men, and which in its imperial revival during the Spanish War was to conquer islands outside the scope of President Monroe. America's expansion can be traced from the day she cut adrift from Westminster to the day when she sent her legions into Europe. No sooner were the revolting Colonies free from European imperialism than they set about an American variant. They obeyed the white instinct and pushed in every direction, conquering and to conquer. Repelled from Lower Canada, they acquired Indiana and Mississippi. Most important, they purchased Louisiana from Napoleon. The diplomacy was odd. Jefferson, much as he hated England, saw that the United States must buy her backdoor, New Orleans, or "marry ourselves to the British fleet and nation." Napoleon, to prevent anything falling to England, pressed the whole province on the Americans. The effect was amazing. It led directly to the plucking of the ripe Floridas from the rotting trunk of Spain, to the annexation of the Texan Republic, and to the subsequent winning of the West. "It fixed our destiny as a great world power, the effects of which we are today just beginning to realize," wrote John Foster in 1900.

The great annexations were made in obedience to the law that the United States could not be hemmed in from her natural outlets. "We do not need Quebec while we have New York" (Hart). The United States was organic: not static, though her organism was not sound until she swept away

**History of the American People*, by Woodrow Wilson; *The United States as a World Power*, by Archibald Cary Coolidge; *A Century of American Diplomacy*, by John W. Foster; *America's New Possessions*, by Murat Halstead; *The Stakes of Diplomacy*, by Walter Lippmann; *Drift and Mastery*, by Walter Lippmann; *The English-speaking Peoples*, by George Louis Beer; *American History told by Contemporaries*, by Albert Bushnell Hart; *American Ideals*, by Theodore Roosevelt; *of Life* John Hay, by William Roscoe Thayer.

slavery. In a single fight Houston's six hundred frontiersmen took Texas, a larger territory than the German Empire. The seizure of the capital of Mexico won the Pacific coast. The winning of the West was all imperial dream and romance. Pioneers and Mormons did the work which traders and missionaries combine to do for European expansion. The American advanced remorselessly, driving the unfit before him, the Indian and the bison, the Spaniard and the elk. However democratic he was in the cultured East, in the unfettered West he was an Imperialist. He divided the West much as the European Powers have divided Africa. The Indian paid the penalty of attaching a sentimental instead of an industrial value to the scenery. He was pushed when he sat at peace and suppressed when he rose in war. He was treated by the Government with a mixture of benevolence and baseness. Only Catholics and Methodists seemed to consider he had a soul. Religion, which had preceded American expansion, kept pace with it. Wherever the United States has made her way, there the Church has been waiting to soften and sanctify her work.

During the Civil War the red man drew breath and the French entered Mexico. At its conclusion the pressure west was renewed, and Maximilian sacrificed to the manes of Monroe. Alaska was purchased from Russia and Seward even laid eyes on Greenland. The home demesne was complete. The United States settled down to enjoy her expansion with a sense of isolation and immunity from far-off unhappy things in Europe, strengthened by the Monroe corollary that America needed no second dose of European civilization. One of the permanent pivots of history, the Monroe doctrine was defined by Mr. Roosevelt as "forbidding European encroachment on American soil"; and,

by Mr. Lippmann twenty years later, as a pledge that "this hemisphere was not to be made part of the stakes of diplomacy." The doctrine was not anti-British. It was the first branch of conciliation proffered to England. Monroe foresaw that, sooner or later, England must take her place with the European monarchs or with the United States, with despotism or with liberty. With one or the other English diplomacy flirted for nearly a hundred years before coming to what should have seemed an obvious conclusion. America supplied retardations; for, oddly enough, though the American policy was philo-British, the tradition was bitterly opposite. On this dilemma foreign diplomacy has often gone astray, particularly in the case of Germany. This tradition had made the United States friendly towards Napoleon, for England remained the bogey. "Without a tyrant to attack," says Mr. Lippmann, "an immature democracy is always somewhat bewildered." Americans could not abuse in French, and Napoleon had never levied a tax on their tea, so they inclined against England in her struggle for life. Mr. Wilson wrote in his *History*: "Napoleon was the enemy of the civilized world, had been America's own enemy in disguise, and had thrown off the disguise. England's policy had cut America to the quick and had become intolerable, and it did not lessen America's exasperation that that policy had been a measure of war against the Corsican, not against her." Substituting the Brandenburger for the Corsican and recalling the friction over the blockade a year ago, gives the exact historical parallel with which Wilson the historian was called upon to deal as history-maker himself.

After the Civil War America had less stomach for expansion. The Senate would not allow Seward to

annex St. Thomas, or President Grant San Domingo, on which he had set his heart. The time seemed passed when America could take the initiative as she did among the nations against the Barbary pirates. Yet the Monroe responsibilities required order in Mexico, freedom in Cuba, and peace in South America. Secretary Blaine interfered in the strife between Chile and Peru, protesting against "the forced transfer of territory." Hence originated much dreaming about Pan-Americanism, which developed later into an excuse for neglect of Europeanism. While Cuba lay in subjection, the Pan-American conscience could not rest. Already it was realized that Cuba and Hawaii were strategic points, but home feeling would only permit interference in the guise of humanitarianism. Gradually Washington awoke to duties and destinies in the Caribbean and Pacific Seas. A peripatetic police visited Haiti and San Domingo in emergencies. In Samoa, Bismarck received what was really his first repulse, when the United States measured up to his squadron with ship for ship. A typhoon obliterated the material of a duel, and Samoa was subjected to the control of three nations. King Malietoa is described as "too upright for the Germans," who began to plot against him. However, the administration of a Vermont lawyer tempered with the companionship of R. L. Stevenson afforded a *régime* which made the subsequent full control of the Germans bitter to the natives. Hawaii was another insular problem. Under President Harrison, the American minister annexed the Islands on the deposition of the Queen. President Cleveland came into office and withdrew the American flag; but destiny was otherwise manifest. The war with Spain led to the annexation of Hawaii as the doorstep to the Pacific. It seemed as

though the Mediterranean and Atlantic had played their part in the drama of history and that the future world-struggle was shaping itself upon the Pacific. In 1854, Secretary Seward had prophesied that its shores were "destined to become the chief theatre of events in the world's great hereafter." Two powers showed themselves feverishly anxious for bases and coaling-stations—the United States and Germany. A third in the background, no less feverish, said nothing.

The real entry of America into *Weltpolitik* had come with the war against Spain. For half a century Cuba had lain like Lazarus at the gates of America. A time came when her sores became noisome, and President McKinley decided to intervene, Congress disclaiming "any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control." As in the case of the Great War, the American people were divided. As many tried to avert as to precipitate hostility, which, however, was duly declared and summarily finished. Not of her political foresight, or by her popular will, the Republic found herself possessed of the entire Philippine Archipelago, Porto Rico and Guam. The Imperialists who had crowed when Alaska gave the Stars and Stripes some additional hours of sunlight, were intoxicated by their triumph. Murat Halstead gave vent to the eagle's top-note: "We took our place among the highest and foremost. Neither during the war in the waters and on the shores of the two Indies, one of which Columbus discovered while dreaming of the other, nor while peace-making was going on in Paris, could Spain find help to aid her." Nevertheless the negotiations taught the United States that she had no friend on the Continent either, while those who had eyes to see could discern that she had an incipient enemy in Germany, and a

possible ally in England. Germany was bitterly disappointed at the permanent loss of Cuba and the Philippines from the field of potential culture. It will never be known whether Admiral Diederichs came to Manila Bay with secret orders to pick up the Philippines, but of his aggressiveness there could be no doubt. Before Dewey left Hong-Kong for Manila he received a personal warning from Prince Henry to behave properly!

Meantime President McKinley kept an even keel, claiming "no nation was ever more fortunate in war or more honorable in negotiations for peace." McKinley felt he was justified by the American conscience and by the approval of civilization. The new possessions were a true trust, and the United States had shown herself a *Lochinvar* among the nations. The consequences of such a war could not be avoided or anticipated. They had to be met. The Pacificists were much disturbed. Wendell Phillips had protested against the Pacific Railway as an encroachment on the Indians, and to Bryan it seemed that the United States had bought the right to "conquer" the Philippines; for, as in the case of California, the Government had paid conscience-money to Spain. The taking of the Philippines drew from Bryan an impassioned appeal to Moses, to awake and restore the moral law. This drew from one representative the typical American comment that Moses "died on an expedition to exterminate the nations of Canaan." Corresponding to the Little Englanders were the Lesser Americans. Then there were German Americans, like Carl Schurz, who wished to decline the Philippines as entailing British protection. "British friendship is a good thing to have, but not so good a thing to need." All over the world Germans felt that German interests had not been served. It was curious that Mr.

Carnegie could not see that his attacks on American Imperialism were inconsistent with his hope of an Anglo-American Alliance. It was through consequences from the former that the latter was most likely to come. Secretary Olney, Lord Salisbury's antagonist over Venezuela, wrote: "Except for Great Britain's countenance we should almost certainly never have got the Philippines." But the obligations they brought proved a puzzle. New territories of the United States are parts, not possessions. Hawaii enjoys the Constitution and is represented in Congress; but the Philippines were neither an addition to the States nor wholly a conquest, for the rights of Spain were bought out as generously as those of the Friars.

The United States had entered on a new path of responsibility, which found vent in the Open Door for China. However benevolent, the policy entailed an expedition. It was a long, long way from Bryan's Nebraska to the Summer Palace at Peking. The unrest and uncertainty of the decade preceding the war had vanished. The "enlarged mental and moral vision" Olney had looked for came to pass. Whether she willed it, or whether she was even conscious of it, America had become international in foreign as well as in domestic matters. Her foreign relations at the close of the Spanish War were brilliantly described by Mr. Dooley, the Catholic Mark Twain, with an irony that was not lost on well-informed readers: "The friendship of this country with Germany planted in Samoa and nourished at Manila has grown to such a point as to satisfy the most critical German-American! With England we are on such terms as must please every Canadian, but not on any such terms as would make any Irishman think we are on such terms as we ought not to be." The stuff and spice of foreign affairs were contained

in this. At the same time Secretary Hay was writing: "The Emperor is nervously anxious to be on good terms with us, on his own terms *bien entendu*." Owing to the Boer War there had arisen "a mad-dog hatred of England," from which Germany was trying to profit. Hay's efforts to buy the Danish West Indies were always defeated by German influence in the Danish Parliament. Besides, the Hamburg-American Line were preparing the way in St. Thomas for occupation. Not until this war could America purchase them. To obtain a port threatening the Panama Canal from the Santa Margarita Islands, Germany induced England, then without an ally, and Italy, her own ally, to join in threatening Venezuela. England retired, owing to the clamor at home, but Germany fastened her ships on her prey. Some years previously Roosevelt had written that the Monroe doctrine would be asserted "if Germany sought to acquire Cuba from Spain, or St. Thomas from the Danes." He was now President, and he gave the German Ambassador what amounted to a secret ultimatum. For the second time, German ships were discomfited before Admiral Dewey. England's part as a screen in the affair is best forgotten.

To smooth matters, Prince Henry was sent on a mission to the United States, where he was good-naturedly received as an Imperial curiosity. His objects remained a discreet secret, but he was doubtless sent to adjust what Bismarck considered the greatest political fact of modern times: "the inherited and permanent fact that North America speaks English." A strong pro-German and anti-British movement was inaugurated. Harvard received a Teutonic Museum. A strenuous and silent struggle followed in diplomacy, whether the Imperial and aggressive side of America could

be directed against England, the traditional enemy, or against Germany, the political opponent. England had already seen the necessity of making renunciations, and even of jettisoning interests, to avoid any suicidal clash with America. Curiously enough, Germany could not harass England without bringing her nearer to America. German efforts to acquire colonies in South America were checked by the Monroe doctrine and the British Fleet, and it was difficult to discern where the silent opposition of each began and ended, so subtle was their conjunction. But the United States, while professing benevolent admiration, was at the same time blocking the entire scope of Germany's commercial and political aims in South America. Yet the United States was unarmed and pacific, while England, which was neither, could not be brought to book. Unaggressively the United States has taken over the finances of Haiti and Nicaragua to keep out German creditors. In 1911, Maximilian Harden had foresight enough to write: "Great Britain and North America tend to form a community of interests. On the two oceans the Anglo-Saxons group themselves together in unity of will."

The approach of England to America, however natural, called forth remonstrance from an old-fashioned patriotism which cannot be suspected of being pro-German. The time-honored plea lay in Washington's Farewell Address stating: "It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world." It is generally forgotten that he added, "We may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies." Provided England was on the side of liberty, Jefferson did not flinch from the prospect of "fighting once more side by side in the same cause." What, then, is the common strand to the two systems? Admiral

Mahan noticed "that singular combination of two essential but opposing factors of individual freedom with subjection to law" in both. Federalism is no doubt both the salvation of America and England's only prospect of holding her Empire. Federation proves the happy way out between independence and disruption on the one hand, and subjugation and union on the other. The two Commonwealths are sufficiently akin to cooperate on equality and parity of terms. The future looms in their lap. They can control the world's supplies of gold, tin, copper, cotton, rubber, and wool. If a Germanic *bloc* is to lie across Europe, skirted only by a Latin *bloc* in the West and by a shifting Slavdom in the East, the world's one safety will be an Anglo-Saxon *bloc* riveted by a Celtic *bloc* across the Atlantic.

The completion of the Panama Canal was the climax of American Imperialism, and as such appealed to the American people. It doubled the value of the fleet and it was a mystic fulfilment of the dream of Columbus, who had once desired to sail West to the East Indies. Land no longer barred the equatorial route! In the thought of Young America the theme became discernible that America was striking into the vortex of the world. A conscience was forming itself toward all struggling and backward peoples. In the old days an American war vessel was sent to bring Kossuth from Turkey and another to convey food to Ireland, but these were only picturesque incidents. The United States began seriously to protest against the treatment of Jews in Russia and Roumania. Appearances, under reservation, were made at the conferences at The Hague and at Algeiras. Still, the United States shrank from becoming partner or dealer with countries that were a law unto themselves, and she tried to remain in consequence a

land unto herself. Like England, she developed an isolation theory, though she did not qualify it as "glorious." England's isolation broke down before Edwardian diplomacy. The United States clung during two years of general war to Olney's equation that "American non-intervention in Europe" and "European non-intervention in America" were correlative. But like most mathematical dicta it broke down in practice; and, as Mr. Beer confesses: "The United States cannot escape a certain degree of negative responsibility for the deplorable chaos into which civilization has fallen."

Whence this feeling of responsibility? Denied by many good Americans, it has been strong enough to draw a sigh of relief from the country at large when finally cast into the war. The country has not only been expanding outside her natural bounds, but, within, she has long been tossing, travelling, experimenting, and rejecting. Her own colossal clockwork has troubled her. Other countries build colonies. America has built Trusts that have been imperial in their way, and have been ruled by men called "Kings." Trusts, like Empires, can be beneficial to those under them, but they can be despotic and ruthless. The Kings of Trusts in America are attacked, as Colonial rulers and magnates like Cecil Rhodes and Governor Eyre, have been attacked in England. They are arraigned like Warren Hastings, rightly and wrongly. No doubt the Oil Trust can be made to look like an ugly octopus, but it squirts cheap oil. No doubt Rockefeller sits at its head like some dyspeptic Thor, whose right lay in his strength and ability, but he showed America the Imperial lines on which big things like a Panama Canal could be built. Anti-Trust laws often look as stupid and petty as anti-imperial and pro-aboriginal societies; for Trusts can be benevolent in their

power. American Churches are run on business lines and the greatest of them, the Catholic Church, has taken the dimension and autocracy of a Trust. The Philippines were organized as a Trust. When he thinks on a large scale, the American thinks in terms of Trust. He sees the British Empire working as a beneficial Trust, to which he has no wish to belong, but which he is prepared to back against the predatory Prussian Trust. He is deprecatory of Irish Government, but Mr. Lippmann takes the trouble to praise English rule in Nigeria, which acts "without thwarting its native growth or destroying its local integrity." Americans have learned to distinguish between Empires as well as between Trusts. Responsibility came to attach itself to big business in a way that never troubled the earlier trader, and in time responsibility entered into international affairs. The American conscience took to itself first Pan-Americanism and then undertook Inter-hemispherical relations, first with notes and secondly with bayonets.

Mr. Lippmann was one of those who noticed that Mr. Wilson was moving toward the higher trend, toward the big business of the world. Mr. Bryan, *The Dublin Review*.

he wrote, was defending, pathetically enough, "the old and simple life of America, a life that was doomed by the great organization that had come into the world"; but "Woodrow Wilson at least knows that there is a new world." In Mr. Wilson's own History are to be found the germs of events and policies forever to be associated with his name. Of the Steel Trust he had written: "Steel had become the structural stuff of the modern world. Commanding its manufacture, America might command the economic fortunes of the world." And its martial fortunes as well! It was this facility in steel that was to connect America with the world war. After dispensing for two years the stuff of Death, it became her manifest destiny to keep the soul of Europe alive by her own intervention.

Mr. Wilson closed his last and fifth volume by hoping for a new era when it would be possible to "make law the instrument, not of justice merely, but also of social progress." He was doubtless thinking of the Trusts in theory, but in practice he was to apply it to the Central Powers in the day when the historian was to be called from his desk to climb on to the knees of the gods.

Shane Leslie.

ADMIRAL SIMS.

In latter days two or three men, particularly noticed, have been seen striding along the streets in different parts of the middle of London. We have just noticed them in the Haymarket. Even in the strange London of today, where are collected all the types and transformations of war, and where few things cause wonder now, the passers-by turn their heads and look with a touch of admiration and even affection upon the square, flat backs of these retreating figures.

These men stand out distinctly—and with a significance that strikes the senses of the beholder without a moment's explanation—from all the other forms of busy humanity that are about. We know at a glance who and what they are, and not merely by their uniforms, though these give an indication. They are black naval uniforms, and on fine days these smart officers have been wearing the usual white caps. Certain stars may be observed on the uniforms, and the

jackets are cut rather shorter and are tighter to the figure than those of our own naval officers. A peculiar thing about these men, as we have seen them in Whitehall, the Strand, and Pall Mall, is that on most days their hands have been covered with dark gloves, and even when the sun has been shining they have carried umbrellas, which, at a hasty glance, have not seemed conspicuous for any close and neat folding. The carrying of umbrellas is doubtless a wise and commendable precaution; but in the circumstances there appears for the moment to be a touch of incongruity in it. We have seen numbers of gentlemen in this uniform about the town since July, but these three in particular—sometimes reduced to a pair—cross one's track from time to time, conveying an impression of being "hard among it," so to say, and one remembers them. They have a stern set of countenance upon—in the case of two of them—round, clean-shaven faces, and they look neither to right nor to left. It is that peculiar, confident, and daring expression often found upon the faces of Americans, which can best be described as a "sitting-tight" expression. This is the stolidity of the sphinx, with a small suspicion of a twinkle in the eye. Again, two of the trio are rounder and thicker of body than our young naval officers, and their tight-fitting uniforms accentuate the fact. They walk along the streets with a long, solemn, and somewhat heavy tread, keeping themselves carefully in step. You see a difference when there flashes by one of our own young captains or lieutenants, so lithe and tripping on his toes, for of all the men who skip about in town in these times none is nearly so conspicuous for agility as the naval officer. One but points out differences of nationality and service, making no comparisons for classes of merit, for

it is hardly to be indicated in these ways. And even if such indiscretion seized a man, he would find more and more to admire and be thankful for in that staid and solemn gait, that solid and dignified tread, of these officers, our good and real American friends; for you will have guessed that these three officers—and we have liked it when there have been three of them, for they have helped romantic fancies and the imagination, bringing to mind old sets of triple heroes from the naval romance of Marryat, the Three Musketeers, and other gallants of world fame—are officers of the United States Navy, here in British and French waters with their ships, doing their country's business and that of the world's best peoples. Of course, there have been comparatively few of them about the town; the many are otherwise and very considerably engaged elsewhere, a circumstance which has assisted us to make special note of this small group. In particular we have remarked that while there was a clean-shaven man on the side, and another bare-faced officer on the other, the middle man wore a beard, which is very unusual in an American naval officer. But his features were none the less keen, and his eyes gleamed. At a glance you knew him for a man of deep purpose and stern resolve. He seemed to be not of the type of our Jellicoe or Beatty, but yet he had sharp, angular features, like the former. This bearded officer is a very important man, for he is Admiral Sims, on whom the British Admiralty conferred a unique and indeed almost incredible distinction by placing him in the command of our own naval forces in an emergency in the Irish Sea soon after his coming over.

This Admiral Sims, in command of the naval forces of the United States in European waters, is a remarkably interesting man. All the great char-

acters of the war, fate fastening so much upon them, are necessarily figures for curiosity and consideration; but some of these Americans, having our own blood and ideals in them, and yet having made of themselves a new race with special characteristics, are fascinating subjects now, and one can scarcely tell why so little has been told in our country about such stimulating men. These personalities, indeed, are not good material for our almost universal secrecies. One cannot know too much of such men; there is nothing about them that does not hearten. The British Government, at the same time that it imposed new restrictions and turned the screw one twist further upon the people, should have told us the human tales of Sims and Pershing, who then were coming along to help us, to show us what manner of men were glad to be of us, for then the people could bear many more twists of those departmental screws. What I know and have heard of Admiral Sims has come from abroad, and one of the things told me, in the way of characteristics, is that this stern man, cold to the look, of steely inflexibility of purpose, a man who, as we shall see, has in a special way improved the art of necessary killing to a high point of perfection, is incapable himself of shooting game or angling for fish, and so, if you wish to phrase it that way, he cannot be an active sportsman. The idea of inflicting death upon any beast or bird or other living thing—not considering human enemies in battle—is deeply repugnant to him; and more than that, he recoils from it. That is interesting, but perhaps it is not wholly unique; and it is reasonable, after all, as some will feel after a little reflection. Some of the greatest soldiers have been the gentlest men; they see such sincerity and innocence in the other creatures of God as, alas! are not often to be

found in the human kind. The recreations, then, of Admiral Sims are of the simpler sort. If there is one of them that, for his devotion to it, is much more conspicuous than all the rest, it is—you could not guess it in a thousand times!—the composition of that peculiar form of verse embracing surprise, discovery, and usually some quaint satire, which we call limericks. This leader of the United States Navy, having a considerable load laid upon him now for civilization's sake, is also the laureate of the limerick. He dabbles in humorous verse of other kinds, but the limerick he likes most, and it is said that he has composed hundreds and more hundreds of them. One would experience no surprise on being informed in a whisper that such material substances for satire as Wilhelm, Tirpitz, and others of the German crew have already served their purpose with him. I am told that one night, while the American fleet was lying at anchor in the bay of Guacanayabo, the officers assembled and were discoursing eagerly upon all manner of naval and other subjects, when it was noticed that Sims was leaning close down upon a table and applying himself most earnestly with pen and ink to the paper before him. They did not disturb him; they thought the Admiral was occupied with an important order or dispatch. But at the end of an hour he handed to each officer a slip of paper with a limerick written upon it bearing on a subject that he had just been discussing.

One is accustomed to the curious, the irregular, and the unconventional in great and successful careers. Genius is ill harnessed to convention; it meets with rebuffs and difficulties, and keeps its own way of salvation and victory upon an independent course. The career of Admiral Sims, forced by an iron will and enormous energy, is still

conspicuous in the group of the great personalities of the war. Some of the best American qualities seem to be intensified in him in a remarkable way; the main facts of his story are delightful. He is a farmer's son, and he rose originally in Canada—that is to say, at Fort Hope in Ontario. He was not brilliant as a boy; much the opposite. He had the reputation of being slow and careless as a pupil; it was his greater pleasure not to learn. Those were days in Pennsylvania, and he was sent along in due course to the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Here there was a strange and sudden awakening of moral force. Young Sims failed piteously at his examination; it seemed that he was doomed; his neglect had found him out; he had not noticed that the hour of responsibility had struck; but now he knew it. He begged of the examiners that a second chance might be given to him, and they agreed. They gave him a month, and at the end of that time he was examined again, and this time with success; but not, as it is averred, without much pain. Thus he came to graduate in 1880. There were two forms of study for which he had a most special aversion, but they were two which it was highly desirable he should like and be assiduous upon. His dislike of them was curious, and weighed heavily against him. He hated mathematics, and yet one needs mathematics as one needs the alphabet for calculations of the most essential kind at sea. It is by mathematics that we apprehend unmeasured distances, by the angles and sines of mathematics that ships set courses and reckon times and places of their meeting. Admiral Sims had some difficulty in curing himself of his repugnance for mathematics; but it was done. The other aversion was the French language, which is very desirable if the young officer has ideas of treading upon the higher paths where

a little official diplomacy walks in arm with simple ship command. Realizing the necessity, he adopted the most drastic measures. He went to Paris for a year solely to learn the language thoroughly, and at the end of the term he could speak it as well as his own. It has been said of him that he was to the American Navy what Sir Percy Scott was to ours, the organizer of naval artillery. There is something peculiarly interesting in this matter. Sims had met Scott in Asiatic seas, and at once experienced a great admiration and friendship for him. At that time the ideas entertained by Sir Percy were regarded as revolutionary, but Admiral Sims adopted them. They both maintained that superiority of shooting was the secret of success on the sea. Admiral Sims at once began to let Washington know of his newly rooted and vigorous views, and Washington was not at all impressed. Having prepared a scheme of his own, he sent a statement of it to headquarters, and pleaded for its adoption. There was no answer. He begged, he supplicated, that his system of instruction in target practice should be put to the test; but it seemed that the high authorities would not listen to him. At length he determined to go to the Navy Department and press the matter in person. When he arrived he found that his letters and statement had been placed in a packet without having been opened. Thereupon he began a vigorous campaign in favor of his system, but the chief result for long was that he set all the leaders of the old school against him, and they were men of influence and power. He suffered for it; but at length his insistent criticism exasperated the Navy Department, which determined to make a shocking example of him and to discredit him utterly by carrying out a practical demonstration of the fact that the American

Navy knew how to use its guns. An old lightship, long since out of service, was fixed up as a target in the offing at Newport, and a portion of the navy was brought along to fire at it. They did so merrily for long and long. It was good business. At the setting of the sun they brought the old lightship in again to have a look at it, and, lo! it bore the mark of but a single hit, the result of a projectile fired from short range. There was nothing to say. Sims was justified. Some of the old gang looked for a place of seclusion where they might rest their weary heads, while others made confession and adopted the creed of Sims. Everywhere there was a violent movement of opinion in his favor. He was appointed inspector of target practice, and was set to institute his own system. This was based on constant practice and incessant firing at long range, on the principle that the number of shots fired a minute is an essential factor in the efficacy of the fire.

Clearly this is a man of imagination and resource; he is a fine man for war, for his method is to do that which is necessary, and consider some of the niceties of expediency afterwards—without, of course, meaning that he is for any unmoral system of "necessity knowing no law," as favored by the people of central Europe. What is meant is best indicated by the anecdotal method. When war broke out between the United States and Spain upon the Cuban question our friend was naval attaché to the American embassy at Paris. The United States Government in this crisis was badly short of munitions—as is a common thing with nations when they go to war—and it placed an order for a million dollars' worth with a Liverpool firm, at the same time moving Sims on from Paris to Liverpool in order to hurry on this affair and superintend the shipment. When the order was

completed, there came the news that the Spanish fleet, under Admiral Cervera, had set sail for America. All at once a serious risk arose, and the Liverpool firm which had supplied the munitions, and the owner of the ship which was to transport them, refused to let ship and goods take the water until the total value of both had been guaranteed to them. Time just then was one of the most valuable things in the world, and Sims would stop at nothing in gaining it. In a tranquil manner he declared that he would be personally responsible on condition that the ship was on her voyage before sunset. Since those memorable days Admiral Sims has frequently asked himself how long it would have taken him to pay off the million dollars, and the value of the ship, if the vessel had been sunk.

He was inspector of target practice of the navy with the Bureau of Navigation for his department for seven years. His intense specialization on ordnance, gunnery practice, and the mechanism of watching, recording, and shaping the shooting skill of a fleet or a navy's marksmen has been of immense value to the United States Navy, and incidentally of service to himself. His ideas, his convictions, his knowledge, and his experience are good factors for the Allies at present. In 1913, when the Atlantic fleet torpedo flotilla was formed, he was put in charge. He has had more experience of craft built to combat the submarine than any other American, and he has shown a remarkable inventive skill in devising methods for accomplishing special and unexpected objects. He looks a stern man, one who attends to his business and thinks everything of it; and that is what he is. But, as we have seen, there is a light and happy side to the character and disposition of Admiral Sims, and let it be added that he has the finer social

graces, which assist him in his peregrinations and his duties in the European capitals. These were latent in him when he came to marry a charming girl in the daughter of Ethan Allen Hitchcock of St. Louis, who assisted in his most excellent development on the social side. And, all in all, one might say, in a form of expression that is sung in chorus at some American gatherings, that Admiral Sims is all right, that so far as nations and governments can discover at a period when their perspicacity is most

Chambers's Journal.

intense and their standard most exacting, there is nothing at all the matter with Admiral Sims. We think of this trim figure striding along Whitehall and Pall Mall, and some of us think of it again as a strange emotion twitches at the heart on first observing an American warship in our British waters, Old Glory at her masthead. You must see this thing to know the emotion; it is one of the rare delights of man, knowing the best of the world is with him as he goes fighting on.

Henry Leach.

JOHN-A-DREAMS.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RETURNED TRAVELER.

The gusts rose and fell and died away. Sometimes it blew hard for a short time: then there was a calm interval. Again came the sharp pattering rain on the windows as Madam and Miss Sweeney sat at dinner. Then there was a booming sound—distant thunder or the wind clapping its wings in the confined places between the hills.

"The storm has set in early," said Madam. "Early enough to give them warning. They will not attempt to cross tonight. They will be very comfortable with Father O'Brien. They know the ways of the Sound. The sea will be running like a mill-race by this time, and it's not easy to make our wretched harbor in weather like this."

She consented to go to bed early. There would probably be early arrivals in the morning. Sir Anthony and John would come hurrying home lest the storm of the night should have frightened her. Monica Howard was coming tomorrow. Madam had a joyful excitement in her face when

she talked of Monica Howard's coming.

"I guess," Octavia said to herself, a little grimly, "this Monica girl's come to push me from my stool."

The next speech of Madam's brought her some reassurance.

"Monica looks sympathetic always. Her eyes are wonderfully expressive, but she looks just the same when she is considering the retrimming of a hat as when she is listening to poetry. She thinks John's poetry is lovely, but she knows nothing about it. She has a very simple taste. Longfellow and Miss Proctor are, I believe, her favorite poets; and very often, I am sure, she cannot make head or tail of what John's is about."

Octavia felt restored to her self-respect.

"I just adore those old families," she said. "They look so beautiful, and they don't give you any trouble with brains. They're still in the Middle Ages."

She intercepted Mary Ellen on her way to Madam's room. The nurse wore a terrified look, and had a way as though she dragged her feet, too weary to lift them.

"I'm afraid to face the Madam," she said, "lest she'd read bad news in my face. They're not in, God help us all, and no word of them."

"He will help us. But if you're not sure of yourself, you keep away. I'll do what she needs. I should just love to wait on her for one night."

"She's not frightened? They were wonderin' below-stairs that she ate her dinner. Considine said she ate her little bird as though she loved it. It's not like her: she's so soon frightened. I often thought in the wild days when Sir Anthony was home late and I lookin' at her that I'd see the heart lep from her side."

Miss Sweeney glanced back in the direction of the room where she had left Madam at her *prie-dieu*.

"Mary Ellen," she said, "I've told a lie!"

"You have, Miss?" Mary Ellen returned, without any condemnation in her voice. "Sure you have to sometimes. I wouldn't be callin' it such hard names."

"I told her that Sir Anthony said they'd stay the night with Father O'Brien if the weather threatened."

"It'll never be brought up agin you. Sometimes a lie's better nor a truth. But I'm afeard o' what the night'll bring. If it was to be like Miss Cecilia, she couldn't bear it. The husband and the son. There's many a wan in the village has lost that same. Didn't my own sister lose five sons an' the husband? An' the old harbor's no good for the boats to come in."

"She thinks the household has gone to bed. Let some one stay up and keep fires going, and plenty of hot water in case of need."

"There won't be wan in Clew Castle, nor in Cloughaneely, unless it might be the babies, that'll sleep tonight. There's a message come from the village that the Sound is roaring.

That's always a bad sign of a storm, so it is."

"I am going to read her to sleep. Keep the house as quiet as you can."

"You'll hear no noise from the house in Madam's room. It looks into the wood. She took that room after Miss Cecilia went. It was her room."

"If I let you come to Madam will you control your feelings or the expression of them?" Miss Sweeney asked. Her American accent was slight, but she gave the words more vivacity than an Englishwoman would have done. "I don't want to tell any more lies. It's not a thing I adore doing as a rule, but if you can't keep things from her I'll have to say you're not well, that you're downright sick, if you like, and can't come."

"I can be grumpy," Mary Ellen said. "'Twouldn't be the first time. I've often enough to make me grumpy, and it disturbs Madam. When it takes me that way I haven't a word."

"Very well, then," Miss Sweeney said. "Be grumpy, as you call it. I'd have no occasion to pretend to a hump myself this minute. If you feel it getting too much for you, I'll be outside the door. Cough three times, if you want me."

She waited, sitting in one of the sharply-pointed windows of the corridor. The night was very dark outside, but the wind seemed to have dropped. Now and again light leaped above the horizon—not broad sheet lightning, but something that had a center of fire, that sprang when the light came.

"You're to go in to Madam," said Mary Ellen, coming out into the corridor. "I've only to leave her her glass of milk and biscuits for the night. I don't know how I got through it. She thought it was grumps. I can be a terrible cross ould woman. Why wouldn't I be?"

"Mary Ellen has the toothache," said

Madam, as Octavia came in. "I thought her very odd and snappy, and when I asked if she was not well she asked me would anybody be well with an old tooth sawin' and scrapin' in their head from morning till night. Mary Ellen always had very good teeth. She must go to Ennis on Wednesday and see the dentist. He's a very good man, a Mr. McCormack, and really quite presentable."

Octavia sat down by Madam's bed. On a *prie-dieu* beside it lay a crucifix, a New Testament, and "The Imitation of Christ." Round the walls hung the portraits of Madam's children, Cecilia in the midst, in her first Communion frock, her hands folded on a prayer-book, her small, pale, demure profile looking downward between the curtains of the veil.

"You shall read me my chapter," said Madam. "Tonight it is the 'Imitation.' I keep the New Testament for the morning when I awaken. You will find the chapter by the marker."

Already Madam's voice was sleepy. Octavia read aloud the chapter which was indicated by the marker, an old-fashioned thing of perforated card, worked by a child in red silk cross-stitch with the inscription "Gloria in Excelsis"; it was signed at the foot "C. McG." The chapter was "Of the Royal Way of the Holy Cross."

Octavia read it with deep feeling, thinking of the woman before her, who had trodden that royal way and might have to tread it again. She wondered that she could control her leaping and terrified pulses, but as she read the majesty of the words, the high unearthly atmosphere of the thoughts, controlled and quietened her. They seemed to set her and Madam, for whom she had conceived a tender affection, above the seas and the winds.

When she had finished she took up the New Testament and read the chapter in which Christ came to His disciples walking on the water. She could hardly have told why she selected that. It might indeed have seemed to Madam an ominous thing to do at such a moment.

But Madam was not alarmed. She echoed the closing words of the chapter. "Fear not, little flock."

"Thank God," she said, "the storm has died down. I am very glad they said they would stay with Father O'Brien tonight. I hope there will not be any more sickness on the Islands. There was one case a year ago, but it was quickly isolated. The man recovered, and there was no more trouble. Thank you very much, my dear, forreading to me tonight. Now I shall go to sleep."

Octavia bent and kissed the delicate little face among its pillows; and Madam, murmuring sleepily that the boat would be in early in the morning, closed her eyes.

Most of the servants remained up in Clew Castle that night. The early hours of the night were very still and sultry. The sky was pitchy-dark, except for the continued flickering of the lightning on the horizon which revealed the outlines of the country for a second before the darkness had enveloped everything once more.

It was about midnight when the storm really broke. The thunderstorm had come on, and with it lashing hail and a screaming of wind. The leashed furies were let loose. The thunder tore and crackled above the house. The lightning swung in golden chains from the sky to the earth.

"It will wear itself out," Mary Ellen whispered in Octavia's ear: Octavia was sitting in the corridor outside Madam's door, watching the green baize outer door anxiously. Would the storm awaken her? She had been

listening at the door. There was not a sound within. Mary Ellen had brought an easy-chair to the corridor for Octavia, who had been sitting on the window-seat watching the great spectacle outside.

"You'd better send them all to bed," Octavia said. "There is no use in the whole household being up."

"Is it to sleep through this?" Mary Ellen asked in amazement. "Sure there isn't wan in the house would sleep through it. They're brewin' tay in the kitchen an' handin' it round, an' wan's batin' out th' other in tellin' the worst churchyard stories ever you heard. I wasn't in the mind for it tonight, somehow."

Miss Sweeney took Mary Ellen's hard hand into her own, beautifully soft and white.

"I expect they did stay on the Islands after all," she said. "There'd have been news before now if they'd put out."

"Not if the boat were stove in or overturned. They might be tossin' about there a long time before they were carried up an' flung on the beach. That's the way most of them comes home—washed up to their own little doors they do be. There was Susy Canavan, God help her, that heard a thuddin' at the door in a high tide and thought the boat had got loose, and when she ran to open the door the wave was running out to say after floodin' the whole little place, and there was Mick up against the door, and them not married six months."

The whisper had scarcely ceased when the green baize door was pushed back and Madam came out in her white night-gown.

"There is some one knocking at the hall door," she said: "and no one seems to hear. Why are you all up at this hour? and why is the house still lit up?"

"'Tis the storm," said Mary Ellen.

LIVING AGE, VOL. VIII, No. 414.

"You wouldn't expect us to be sleepin' through the like o' that!"

"Some poor travelers are caught in the dreadful storm," said Madam. "Go and let them in. I would not shut a dog out on such a night."

The thunder tore the sky to shreds above the house and the blue lightning flashed.

"It is an awful storm," said Madam. "Open the door for whoever is knocking."

"Go back to bed, and we will see who is knocking," Octavia said, while Mary Ellen went away muttering that *she* could hear no knocking at the door, and God help them all if there was a knocking, for it would be the dead come home, and that would be a bad day for Clew. Then suddenly Octavia heard the sound of the heavy knocker of the hall door. Madam was right. She had finer hearing than theirs.

"Go and see who it is," cried Madam, pushing her, "and bring me word. Some traveler is out of his road. I pray God that no one dear to us be under the night in such a storm."

Octavia went without a word. The knocking became more urgent as she went down the stairs. In the hall she found Mary Ellen taking down the bars of the door. The servants had heard nothing, but John's old Irish terrier, Mac, who was almost blind, was flinging himself against the door, scratching at its nail-studded strength with fierce impatience.

As Octavia reached the door the bars fell.

"God help us all if there's bad news," Mary Ellen said, falling back and looking with terrified eyes at the door. "I'm afeard of what may come in, so I am. Miss, dear, will you open the door?"

"I don't take much stock in superstition," said Octavia, more bravely than she felt.

She took the heavy key and turned

it. As she did so Mary Ellen cried out. Madam was coming down the flight of stairs to the hall. She was standing, her hand pressed against her side.

"For the love of God, go back, ma'am, till we find out what's at the door," Mary Ellen cried, running to her mistress and putting an arm about her.

Madam uttered a sharp cry.

"It is only some poor traveler," she said; "you should not frighten me, Mary Ellen. My heart is not very strong."

The door flew open and let in the wind and the rain and a blue flare of lightning. The lamps in the hall blew out. Some one had come in with the storm and closed the door behind him. For a second they were in pitchy darkness. But it was no stranger who came, for Mac was fawning on him and barking in wild delight.

Octavia ran to the drawing-room door and opened it, letting out a shaft of light into the darkness. She was aware of Madam peering into the darkness, of Mary Ellen crouched down on the floor, her apron flung over her head.

"Come to the light! Come to the light!" Octavia said, seizing on the stranger, who was wet as a water-dog, and dragging him into the light. "Let her see who you are. Joy doesn't kill." She was aware of a handsome, sunburnt face under the dripping hat-brim.

Madam came out of her stupor and pushing Mary Ellen to one side, turned fearfully towards the stranger.

"Speak to her," Octavia cried, and pushed the stranger Madam's way.

"My dearest mother," he said: "I have come home."

"It is Tony," cried Madam: "it is Tony," and flung herself upon the tall stranger.

Mary Ellen took the apron from over her head, and uttered a shriek of

joy. She, too, must have Master Tony's hand to fondle. Was he not her own boy? He stooped and kissed the nurse.

"You're younger than ever, Mary Ellen," he said, as though his coming home was that of the schoolboy of ten years ago.

Octavia went to the bell and rang it furiously. The servants came rushing up the stairs.

"Mr. Tony has come home," she said. "Hustle round and get him some food. The wind has extinguished the lamps. Light them again, and see that a fire is kindled. The driver will need food as well."

Tony McGrady came to the drawing-room door, his mother clinging to him.

"There's a car-driver from Ennis outside," he said, "and he's like a drowned rat. 'Twas only for the sport of the thing he took me. He'll want food and lodging for the night. So will his horse. Hello, Considine. Get me out of my wet things. What a night! It's good to get into shelter."

All was cheerful excitement and bustle. Everyone seemed to have forgotten that Sir Anthony and John had not returned, except Mary Ellen, and she stopped to say on her way to prepare Master Tony a hot bath—

"Sure, she'll have him to comfort her if anything's gone wrong, Miss."

Miss Sweeney, seeing she was no longer required, slipped away to her own room, where she bolted the door before she sat down and hid her face in her hands.

"I consider," she said to herself, "that if anything's gone wrong with John McGrady, there'll be a lot of comfort needed for other people as well."

CHAPTER X.

YOUNG TERENCE.

Sir Anthony came back at breakfast-time the next morning. The storm

had subsided rapidly, and it was a beautiful, fresh, shining morning. The waves were still running very high in the Sound, but the boat had carried them safely.

His newly-arrived son had watched the attempts to land from the beach, and had run out to catch the side of the boat and help to haul her in.

"This is grand news," said Sir Anthony, gray with the spray of the sea. He shook hands solemnly with Tony, for whom he had a great affection, an unexpected tolerance. "Your mother will be wild with joy."

"We have been keeping her quiet. We told her the boat was just in. Where's John?"

Miss Sweeney, standing a little way off while the returned prodigal was received by his father, had been waiting for that question. Where was John? That was what she wanted to know. She came a little nearer, holding her breath for the answer to the question.

"John stayed behind. I hope your mother will not mind very much. There are seven more cases. You can't leave all the work to Verschoye and the nurse and Father O'Brien. John chose to stay."

"Just like John. He was always a Quixote. I hope he will not take the typhus like that poor little doctor who died there the year I went away."

"No use telling John to be careful," said Sir Anthony, and there was a proud lift in his voice. "I hope his mother will not mind."

He stooped to pat Mac, who was sniffing about, whimpering again, as though he smelt his master.

"John's stayed," said Sir Anthony, and looked hard at Octavia Sweeney before looking away again. "I hope he will go safe from the fever, but I'm glad he stayed."

"Yes," said Octavia, very slowly, "I expect we're all glad Mr. John stuck

to the post of duty. He'll make good all the time."

"You must keep his mother from fretting. She's very fond of you, Miss Sweeney. You and this fellow together. Tony could always make his mother laugh."

"I guess she'll have great comfort," Octavia said. "Her prayers help her a deal."

"God help women when they have not religion!" Sir Anthony said, with unexpected feeling.

Octavia stooped in her turn and patted John's dog. Mac wagged his tail and licked her hand.

"Mac likes you, Miss Sweeney," said Sir Anthony. "You'll have to comfort him for John."

Madam took the news about John well—better than they could. have hoped. She said to Octavia that of course John had to stay, and having said so much she locked her heart on her anxieties in so far as Miss Sweeney was concerned and hid away the key.

That day came Monica Howard and her father, warned off in vain.

"You will want me more than ever," Monica said to Madam. "There is no possible danger, but if there were I should stay all the same."

"They are full of 'impossible loyalties,'" Madam said, with moist eyes, to Octavia. "It is a family of glorious memories. You have heard of the Holy Hand of Ferribly Howard and its wonderful shrine? The Hand belonged to an ancestor of the Howards who was taken prisoner in Crusading days and would not turn Moslem. It is the glory of Ferribly Howard."

"I have heard of it," Miss Sweeney said. "Very picturesque, and just what I would expect in this old Europe of yours. But the loyalties and the grand memories need not be always for the old families. People who couldn't trace back beyond their grandfathers might be loyal too. For the matter of

that, Poppa's got a book to show our descent. It goes right back to Mac-Swine, the herdsman of Noah."

"That's old enough," said Madam. She was not sure if the American girl was laughing at herself or the Howards or both. "The Sweeneys have no doubt very good blood. A MacGrady married Una MacSweeney in the days of Queen Elizabeth. You have the delicate arched instep to your foot, the long tapering fingers, that go with good blood."

"Poppa's blood was good enough. I'm not so sure about Momma's. She said her family came in with the Pilgrim Fathers. I wouldn't be surprised if she was right. There was a righteousness about Momma always, as though the Sweeneys must be wrong, anyhow. Elwin's the same. Sadie doesn't count. She never was anything but pretty. My Poppa's the flower of the bunch."

Having said so much Miss Sweeney retired to her own apartment, whither Mac followed her, groping about at her heels. Sitting down she took the little, old gray dog into her dainty lap. She was wearing a muslin faintly patterned with autumn leaves, but she did not seem to consider that Mac would, as she would have put it, make a mess of her fineries.

"The feel of you somehow eases me, Mac," she said, "though you're as rough as a porcupine. You and I understand each other, old dog. We don't seem to get comforted anyhow."

Mac sighed and put up his head to lick her face with a ragged red wisp of tongue

After a few days Tony, who had recovered his health a good deal during the voyage, set himself to entertain the two visitors. He had an air of being quite equal to the entertainment of two charming girls. Sir Anthony had gone fishing with Mr. Howard. The weather had become

very quiet and sunny. The people were saving their hay. Things, after all, were not as bad as they had looked to be at one time. The people were saying that if the weather only lasted like this for a bit there might be a great harvest yet.

So quietly lay the sun on land and sea, so blue was the sky and so peaceful shining the land, that it was hard to believe in the visitation that had befallen the Islanders.

The outbreak had not been got under quickly as had been hoped. It had spread rapidly. There had been two deaths on the Islands, where there was now a volunteer party of nurses and doctors fighting the mysterious epidemic. From the mainland they could hear the bell of St. Gobnet's little church as it rang for the dying and the dead.

With that ominous sound in their ears, and John in the midst of the sickness, there could be no real jollity at Clew; but Tony, who for his health's sake must be out of doors all day, made the two girls accompany him on his various expeditions. Sometimes Madam must go in her little basket phaeton, drawn by an old pony. The dogs accompanied the party on all its outings, which were confined within a radius of a few miles from home, since Tony was still an invalid, or supposed to be. Also, in view of the sickness, they were keeping very quiet. On these expeditions Mac always lay in Miss Sweeney's lap if they were boating or driving, fumbled at her skirts if they walked. The extraordinary fancy the dog had taken to the American girl moved Madam to wonder.

"If it had been Monica now!" she said one day. But it was not Monica.

There were Tubber Races the last week of August, for which John had a young horse entered. "By then," said Tony hopefully, "John will be out

of quarantine and we shall all go to see Young Terence win the Ladies' Plate."

Mr. Sweeney had come back by this time, and was doing a good deal in financing the work of nursing the people of the Islands, although the help was given so unobtrusively that his left hand might not know what was being given away by the right.

"I'm going to clear out the typhus houses," he said to Father Hennessey. "As soon as it's safe to begin building, I'll get the workmen over."

"But—Lord Burren?" said the priest, lifting his eyebrows. Lord Burren was an absentee landlord who did nothing for his tenants. He had no agent. A firm of solicitors in Dublin acted as his agents and collected the rents. Lord Burren might have been the Grand Lama for all his people personally knew of him.

"I've bought the Islands," said Mr. Sweeney quietly. "I found his Lordship rather sleepy after a night of heavy play. At first he told me to take my money to the devil. But I kept on, and later he was more reasonable. He said he didn't know why I wanted the Islands. He used an adjective all the time. I remember his father when I was a bit of a boy. He could use language with anybody. The young man's got an hereditary talent."

"So you've bought the place out!" The priest's manner was full of amazement.

"I'm the owner of those Islands. I guess it makes it easier to carry out my plans. I've interested the Government about the harbor for Cloughaneely too. They'll want a steam ferry to the Islands when that's done. And a fishery school. I see a deal of work to be got through."

"I wish you had Carramore too," said the priest. "Not that you could do much with the bay. And the people are a wild lot. Father Cooney

says they break his heart. A queer lot. The outcasts of other places, but there's good in them, as I tell Father Cooney."

"That may come later," said Mr. Sweeney dreamily. "I hope young John McGrady don't take the typhus. He's straight. Tony's humorous. You can't keep a tough face with Tony's jests. But I'd plank my dollars on John all the time."

"Why, so would I," said the priest, looking at him curiously.

"Wouldn't it be a quare thing, Miss, if Young Terence was to be scratched for the Ladies' Plate, after all?" said Considine, as he lit the spirit-lamp under the kettle on the breakfast-table at Clew next morning.

Miss Sweeney was first down. She had stayed at the Castle overnight, and already she had taken Mac for a walk, a necessary thing if Mac was to keep in health and spirits. He had a way of lying with his nose on his paws, staring before him with blind, brooding eyes which depressed her terribly. The walk had led them to a tower on a hillock which was in the grounds of the Castle. From the tower they looked out to sea, where the Islands lay, black-cliffed in the rippled and sparkling water. They had stood so for a few moments. Miss Sweeney had held the dog, with an arm about him, on the crumbling parapet of the tower, while she looked away to the Islands, jagged black masses in the moving radiance. They had come back slowly to the house. It was a good thing for the dog that Miss Sweeney was always walking splendidly up the mountains and over the boglands, and was always ready to take him with the other dogs, and to see that they were not too rowdy with him.

"Why should Young Terence be scratched?"

"Because, Miss, Tim Brennan, that

was to ride him, had no more sense than to go climbin' after gulls' nests yesterday, an' he's fell down an' broke his arm. 'Twas the greatest o' luck they found him before the tide came up an' washed him out to say. 'Tisn't many goes the way o' the cliffs ayther. An' his oul' mother may thank some good people that was prayin' for her that he wasn't broke to bits."

"That would be a great disappointment to Mr. John."

Miss Sweeney showed a heartless indifference to the question of what might have happened to Tim Brennan.

"It would so, Miss. Tim was a good boy on a horse. 'Tisn't everyone could ride Young Terence. He's a nervous thing. The boy had the sootherin' way with him."

Madam came in, to hear the bad news about Tim Brennan.

"It would cheer Mr. John wonderful if the colt was to win the Ladies' Plate," Considine said, handing Madam the silver spoon to ladle out the tea. Madam always did her own tea-making. She looked up at Considine who was as much a part of the family as any of them.

"So it would," she said. "We must find some one who can ride Young Terence. Dear John! I wish he was back safely with us again."

She glanced towards the windows which overlooked the garden. Within her view was a section of the formal beds edged with thick box and filled in with brilliant flowers. There was a new gardener who had worked wonders under John's supervision. Crescents, oblongs, circles, squares, all forming an ordered design, had for their center a fountain somewhat chipped and roughened by the passage of time and the weather, but a beautiful fountain still. A little Italian boy poured water from a shell into the basin in which gold and silver fish had swam from the time of the fountain's coming there

some time in the eighteenth century. It had been brought home by a McGrady who had done the Grand Tour and had spent money with the recklessness of his class in that day. For a long time the fountain had been dry, but John had worked at it patiently till he brought back the springing waters. Madam had often said, softly complaining like the wood doves, that John cared more for Clew than any of them.

There was a couple standing by the fountain—Tony and Monica Howard. Tony was flirting, as usual. His eyes were always eloquent when he turned them upon a woman. He said himself that he was impressionable. He was always in and out of love.

Monica was very much changed from the old days when she grieved for Cecilia. She had become a little worldly, Madam thought, since her coming out and her season in town under her cousin's wing. Whereas she had been boyishly frank she was now almost as great a flirt as Tony himself; innocent flirting, but flirting all the same. It was a piquant thing in Monica, who had a face like St. Agnes. She was much more buxom than when she had been last at Clew Castle. Tony apparently found her irresistible, but then he would have been quite as ready to find Miss Sweeney irresistible if she had not looked at him with that oddly penetrating gaze and laughed at his sentimentalities, with a shrewd racy comment.

Some of Miss Sweeney's admirers had talked of her languorous ways. For this part of the world she had put off her languorous ways as she had put off her trailing tea-gowns and her strange jewels. She was simple and direct. When they were alone her father had looked at her with admiration.

"Sakes, Octavy," he had said. "They wouldn't recognize you in

Gramercy Park. You have just caught on to the simple life as though you were born to it. I like this Octavvy best. The other was too fine."

Madam looked the way of the two young people who were leaning over the fountain. They might have posed as lovers—she with her head slightly averted, he leaning towards her, trying to look into her eyes.

Madam sighed and turned away.

"John used to be great friends with Monica," she said discontentedly.

"It means nothing," Miss Sweeney answered steadily. "It's only good friendly flirting all the time. I wonder she don't get tired of it. There are some can't do without it."

"I wish John was at home again," said Madam, and told Considine, with a weary and impatient air, to sound the gong again.

Tony came in answer to the second gong, smiling as usual. He had thrown off the last semblance of invalidism by this time; and as he helped himself from the sideboard, having first ascertained Monica Howard's preferences in the matter of breakfast, he apologized, laughing, for his greediness.

Madam's voice was so slightly chilly that none except peculiarly sensitive ears could have detected the coldness.

"It is so vexing, Tony," she said, "Tim Brennan has broken his arm, and there will be great difficulty in replacing him as Young Terence's jockey. The colt is so nervous. What shall we do? It will be a disappointment to John."

"I shall ride the race," said Tony.

"You! You have never ridden in a steeple-chase."

"My dearest mother, that is incontestably true. But I have ridden—and stuck on—all sorts of fiery and bucking brutes. Why, a child could ride the little horse. You shall see me after breakfast if you like.

You're not afraid that I cannot ride him?"

He looked hurt, as though he suspected distrust of his horsemanship.

"John has such high hopes of Young Terence," she murmured apologetically. "It would be a frightful blow to him if anything were to happen to the horse."

"John thinks he has got a Derby winner," laughed Tony; and added: "Young Terence is certainly very handsome. I'll take great care, mother. I shall ride lighter than John by a stone, and I shall look no end of a swell in the blue and silver. You will wear a blue and silver favor, Miss Howard, won't you, for luck?"

"Of course," said Monica, with eyes less nunlike than they had been two years ago. "Blue is my color."

"And you, Miss Sweeney?"

"I shall wear your brother's colors if you wish me to. I did not know ladies wore favors on these occasions."

"You could set them the example," said Tony, with impudently languishing eyes which did not make Octavia smile as she sometimes smiled.

After breakfast Tony showed them how he could ride in the park outside the white railings that enclosed the lawns. The two girls and Madam stood and watched by the gate. Beyond, a group of the servants, stable boys, and the ragged tatterdermalions of one kind or another who were pensioners of Clew, had gathered to watch Master Tony's tricks on horseback.

He did ride very well indeed, and he seemed to have just the right way with Young Terence, who, though he sweated with terror at first, gradually got easier, and did the jumping Tony wished him to do with great willingness and success.

"Hould your hands low now, Master Tony. Give him his head! Don't presshim! Whoo! He's overlike a bird."

Everyone was calling out instructions to Tony, who kept his seat imperturbably, his hands down, his feet pressing the stirrups, a cigarette between his teeth, like an integral part of the animal.

"He has a lovely seat in the saddle!"

"Sure why wouldn't he? Wasn't every McGrady that ever was in it born in the stable?"

"You'll race home, so you will."

"For the love of Heaven, Mr. Tony, keep his head straight."

After the display Tony dismounted leisurely, and was immediately surrounded by the spectators, all talking at once, the nearest of them stooping to feel the horse's legs and examine his feet, and pat his chest, and do other familiar things, which Young Terence brought to an end suddenly by kicking out at his too free-making admirers.

"Well, my dear mother, are you satisfied?" Tony asked, sauntering back to the ladies.

"That you can ride? I never doubted it."

"You were splendid," said Miss Howard, with an air of passionate admiration, somewhat spoiled by the peal of laughter which followed.

Octavia said nothing. Of course, it was none of her business, but she wondered if John would not wish the horse scratched rather than have him ridden by another than his jockey. She wondered uneasily. Of course, Tony rode well. And the little horse had a mouth as soft as silk. John had bought him for twenty-six pounds at the fair at Dingle, and he meant to sell him for a hundred and fifty. He was to be shown at the Dublin Horse Show. With any luck the little horse would bring his price. John had confided to Miss Sweeney that he hated to sell a horse, and was only able to do it because money was needed at Clew. There never was a day or a

year when money was not needed at Clew.

However, it was no business of hers. She had quite enough to think about without worrying over John McGrady's horse—or, for the matter of that, John McGrady himself. Madam had whispered in her ear that Monica had come to her room the night following that morning of Tony's display of his skill and science in horsemanship. Monica had been very sweet. Dear child, she was not a bit changed, really! It was only such an emancipation as a daughter of the Howards must feel coming face to face with the world. She was just the same dear, simple child—still the same spiritual nature. Madam was glad, really glad, that Monica had acquired the new rosy gaiety, else she would have been slipping away from them into a convent.

Miss Sweeney kissed Madam's hand, explaining that it was somewhat foreign to the American nature to kiss anyone's hand except out of sheer love and loyalty. There was something touching in the action. The tall head bent in humility was very little like the peasants from whom Miss Sweeney was removed but by a generation. Even in the country-made clothes she was wearing, the blue and scarlet Galway flannels, the rough tweeds, made up by a little tailor in Ennis, she was very stately.

"I am glad she was sweet," she whispered to the little beloved lady's ear. Everyone loved Madam who came near her. Miss Sweeney thought that she knew in what Monica Howard's sweetness consisted.

"I've made up my mind to go home earlier than I thought, instead of waiting for the fall," Mr. Sweeney said to his daughter that night. "The labor troubles are affecting my staff, and John Brett's uneasy, some way or another. If you like to stay on,

Octavy, here or anywhere in Europe, you've only got to say so."

"I think I'll go with you, Poppa," his daughter responded, in a tone so meek that Mr. Sweeney looked up in amazement, slightly alarmed at this new submissiveness.

"I might trust John Brett," he said. "He has a head on his shoulders. But somehow I'd rather be there myself, Octavy, even though I'm wanted here—what with the harbor scheme, and the ferry, to say nothing of the Islands!"

(To be continued.)

THE PERIL OF UNDERGROUND GERMANISM.

Germany, driven before the gathering shadows of defeat to subterranean and subaqueous war, has been gradually compelled to carry on her civil campaign against the Allies, and civilization, more and more underground. Her blatant propaganda which, to the amazement of the neutral world, has been allowed by the Allies to exercise its full effect, largely without let or hindrance, has, of set purpose, been conducted in the full blaze of a brazen publicity. It played Germany's game to flood the neutral Press and neutral countries—and, for that matter, even the belligerent Press and belligerent countries to boot—with one unending psalm of victory. The military supremacy of the Central Empires has by pure force of reiterated assertion, for the most part not even contradicted, become an article of belief with, certainly, all neutral peoples and with many who have now joined the Entente. It has not been without adherents in belligerent countries.

This amazing verdict, in face of the actual achievements of the armies of the Allies—an astounding example of the hypnosis of the repeated advertisement—is, it may be interpolated, now to be challenged. Major Haldane McFall, an admitted expert in strategy, has written a work now going through the Press, to which Viscount French has contributed an appreciation, prov-

ing, by actual illustrations from all the fronts, that Germany has from the first been handsomely worsted by the strategy of the Allies. There is, therefore, some hope that, at last, the world will wake out of a delusion and view the military situation in a true perspective.

At the moment it looks as if certain sections of the community of nations were destined to be similarly obsessed by those messages of a millennial peace which periodically flash round the earth from Potsdam. We are, at any rate, being constantly assured by people who ought to know better, that it is a proof of a revengeful spirit to talk about reparation, for wrongs that have made reason reel and shamed humanity, or restitution, for the most bloodthirsty brigandage known to history.

German financiers, again, are conducting, if not very ostentatiously, a financial campaign from the safe asylum of Geneva, which is already reacting on the money markets, and seems to present obvious dangers to the cause for which the Allies are fighting. The higher finance is superior to patriotism and knows nothing of either race or country, and, with its amazing power, remains a force to be reckoned with. A secret enemy financial propaganda may not be, at this stage in the struggle, a menace that cannot be met, so long as it is limited

to the despairing efforts of German financiers to save something out of the wreck of their fortunes. A secret international financial alliance would be an altogether different matter, and, as the Government appear to have no information, it is to be hoped that those British financiers who came to the rescue of the country when the cataclysm broke, and averted a terrible calamity, will, once more, rally to its help and prevent a catastrophe at the crisis which is slowly but surely approaching.

But it is never safe to deduce the obvious where so crafty and unscrupulous an antagonist as Germany is at work. We shall do wisely to look beneath the surface instead of wasting out strength in meeting enemy attacks which may be little more than feints. Germany's secret civil propaganda driven, as we have said, more and more underground is now entering upon its final and, perhaps, its most dangerous phase. Its existence, incidence, and direction are often, only, or first, revealed by the event. The revelations which have been made public by the United States authorities have come with stunning force as they were, in great measure, unsuspected. It has, of course, long been notorious that German agents, with the connivance, if not under the direction of the German Embassy had been at work fomenting trouble in Mexico and organizing outrage in Canada, and so on. The American public was, however, utterly unprepared for the evidence of a complete system of intrigue, with wholesale bribery and corruption rampant as its means, permeating American public and private life. Labor troubles fomented to order under German subsidies, and a spy organization directed, not merely at ferreting out State secrets and collecting any miscellaneous information that might be found useful, but against

American institutions, and utterly subversive of American ideas are typical instances of German duplicity.

It will be long before American public opinion forgets the shock of the revelation that in January last Count Bernstorff cabled for authority to expend 10,000*l.* in influencing Congress—the triviality of the amount accentuated the insult. Vice-President Marshall gave the country a rallying cry in affirming that

this ought to end forever every doubt in the minds of Americans regarding the justice and necessity for this War. It proves that the German Government was seeking all along to split us into factions, and by corrupt means, if necessary, possibly to win the War in Europe and then humiliate and subjugate us. He who is not now whole-heartedly for the War runs a grave risk of being suspected of getting part of the fifty thousand dollars referred to by Bernstorff.

The details of Bernstorff's distribution of something between five and ten millions sterling on behalf of the German cause have yet to be fully divulged. Meanwhile, there is much pardonable curiosity as to those "social purposes" which came under heavy German subventions. It will, too, no doubt, prove illuminating if we are really permitted to know the destination of Bernstorff's "contributions" to the American Press. But virile Transatlantic methods are new to diplomacy and appear to be almost as disconcerting to the Allies' secret service as they must be to the enemy. Perhaps amongst those things we shall learn from America will be a short way of sterilizing enemy poison. At the very time these treacherous activities were at work Germany protested she was innocent of

the support of any person, group of persons, society, or organization seeking to promote the cause of Germany

in the United States by illegal acts, by counsel of violence, by contravention of the law, or by any means whatever that could offend the American people in the pride of their authority.

It is small wonder that President Wilson should have declared it to be impossible to enter into any treaty of peace with such a Government.

Germany's underground machinery has been at work all over the world on lines on all fours with the pattern used in America. Take what country you will, and there is the same system, *mutatis mutandis*, in working order. With amazing prevision she seems to have provided in advance for the maintenance of her machinery in spite of her isolation from the outer world. The Allied control of the cables and the mails seems, too, to have made little difference to her own power of obtaining information, or sending her instructions. Even in our own weather reports (which have been reserved for official use) we can hardly claim to have any monopoly of information which is not known to the enemy with equal promptitude. It is indubitably a triumph of trickery.

In one sense the enemy's civil campaign is by no means a new departure. Germany, as everybody knows, had a secret, as well as open, propaganda in full activity from days long before the War. "Peaceful penetration" was by no means solely directed to push commercial ends. It was always comprehensive. The capture of "key-products," again, was only a side line in the program. The preaching of *Deutschtum*, both publicly and privately, has been a pious duty of the German abroad for generations. Every capital had its German center and every town its "Agent in advance." German schools, German missions, German Consulates, German business houses wheresoever were the organic *foci* of "the machine." But this gigantic

network, so far as it has survived the strain and stress of this appalling conflict, is no longer engaged in spreading the light of Kultur but the darkness of despair. With the frenzied S.O.S. which has been wirelessly round the world from the Wilhelmstrasse the *mot d'ordre* has gone forth to German emissaries, whether German-born or German-bought matters not a whit, to strain every nerve to produce forthwith national and racial ruin and international chaos. It is Germany's determination to go to her doom amidst the wreck of civilization. It is the last hope of the Hun. We can figure to ourselves the ghoulish glee with which the monster at Potsdam, in spite of his agony, is clapping his blood-stained hands in the hope that the dawn of his day of destiny will witness the wreck of dynasties, the destruction of races, the ruin of nationalities and almost forestall the Day of Judgment. With, as she hopes, All the Russias divided into warring states; India and China ablaze; Canada and the Americas split into fractions; Italy and Spain swept by a maelstrom of anarchy; Middle Europe ravaged by famine; France despoiled and bankrupt; Great Britain face to face with civil war and red revolution; Germany might hope even at the eleventh hour to snatch victory out of the jaws of defeat.

The world is passing through a crisis which must, in any event, strain all systems of government to the breaking point. Every country has its own anxieties, whether chronic or sporadic, intensified by war conditions. Industrial discontent is rife. Economic unrest is in the air we breathe. We have our malcontents in every camp. Cranks think the crisis the chosen moment for airing nostrums, which in the piping days of peace would get a very short shrift. A golden opportunity has by chance, like the weather in Flanders, come to the

enemy's aid in his hour of greatest stress. The moment is, indeed, ripe for Germany to "run amuck."

Sir Edward Carson has accepted full and complete responsibility to Parliament and the country for the control of the counter-campaign which the Government seem to have, at last, realized is a matter of immediate moment. Sir Edward has an opportunity of which any Cabinet Minister might be proud. He has to discharge the functions of a Civil Commander-in-Chief. No living man can be better versed in the true inwardness of, for instance, the Sinn Fein movement. Mr. Lansing has placed it beyond the possibility of doubt that, by adoption, if not in inception, this is the offspring of German inspiration. Casement was not the only Irish "patriot" corrupted by German gold. John Devoy stands pilloried before the world as one of Bernstorff's dupes. We are promised the names of Irishmen who have dragged the name of their country in the mire by handling enemy money, but it may be questioned whether either disclosure or punishment will commend itself to the Irish authorities. It passes human patience that our invertebrate methods should jeopardize the chances of an Irish settlement (never, perhaps, too roseate), and bring us at the crisis of this mammoth conflict face to face with civil war. For the moment it is enough that Sinn Fein stands out as the first crowning triumph of Germany's secret civil campaign. She has sown the tares in the fair field of Irish hopes "while men slept."

We cannot be for one moment in doubt that we have to meet the counterpart of the American campaign in this country. Our political and industrial systems are exactly suited to the German purpose. We have had our own revelations and we have had indications and to spare

that there are plenty more to follow. One need not be the victim of spy-fever to suspect the presence in our midst of relays of enemy agents. Whether these be of German birth or German origin or complacent neutrals makes no difference worth talking about. There is a conspiracy of silence on the part of officialdom which plays the enemy's game and suits the enemy's book down to the ground. It is the vogue to deny that there is any evidence of German agency in the strikes which have made British labor a byword. It is simply and plainly impossible to accept these *démentis* at their face value. The absolutely un-English inspiration which underlies many of our labor troubles is, in itself, quite enough to convince most people that *agents provocateurs* have been busy, carefully covering up their tracks the while, and leaving agitators to carry on the glorious work of wrecking things. The fanatic, who is, perhaps, himself actuated mainly by the hope of gaining by ruin, and is nothing if not iconoclastic, requires little persuasion to intensify his activities, especially if his path be smoothed by unexpected funds provided from sympathizers who have forgotten to leave their name and address. Incapable of patriotism, selfish and self-seeking by instinct, these pestilential parasites find a glorious opportunity in the darkness in which authority permits them to live and move and have their being. It may be hazarded whether a little daylight would not sterilize their powers for evil.

For the moment the country is much exercised at the disclosure of an enemy expenditure amounting, as alleged, to 20,000*l.* on pacifist pamphlets which are being freely distributed in the streets. Nor is it a sufficient answer for Sir George Cave to declare that he has no official information whether these funds come from tainted sources.

The writer can vouch for the following story:—An Allied subject, holding an official position, called a policeman's attention to one of these industrious distributors, whereupon the Man-in-blue sapiently remarked, "Mind your own business. This is a free country." "I know it is," replied the investigator into British methods of government, "but this is a time of war." Bumble was not impressed, but the distributor, not feeling sure of his ground—or, possibly, of the temper of a British crowd—at this juncture changed his pitch.

But where Germany is at work it is necessary, as we have said, to bear in mind to beware of the obvious. Peaceful penetration, we may remember, was always conducted on the principle of the corkscrew. It was never direct. It may well prove that this "pacifist" crusade and all the real, or mythical, thousands, or tens of thousands of pounds, which have given it an otherwise unattainable force, mask a movement which is anything but pacifist. We are threatened at every vulnerable point. Germany would find a million of money to paralyze, e.g., our railway and transport service which the British public will do well to watch. It was the boast of "the international" that by a transport strike it could force peace at its own time. It is useless to wait for proofs of treachery. Many of the victims of German corruption may be absolutely innocent of any intention to touch enemy money. An agitation is being sedulously fomented in every field of British industry, in our munition works, in every branch of the public service. If Sinn Fein is a "cause" which stands naked and unashamed before the world as the paid hireling of Germany Sinn Fein by no means stands alone. Socialism, Syndicalism, Communism, are in the like condemnation and their apostles and prophets will find it, by and by, no easy matter to

erase "the mark of the beast." Only a few days ago Sir Edward Nicholl, President of the Merchant Seamen's League, at a "boycott meeting" at Cardiff remarked:

We have undoubtedly spies in Cardiff. I know there are aliens here today in this theater. I can see some of them. Germans, today, are walking round the docks from Bristol to Swansea.

The testimony is timely and cogent. But it passes all understanding that we should prove so powerless to help ourselves, or restrain these mischievous activities much more effectually than we have as yet any satisfactory assurance has even been attempted. Is it beyond the wit of man to trace to its sources the secret of enemy influence in our midst?

In France, again, there are indications and to spare of a dangerous recrudescence of the underground campaign. It is significant that the scandals of the *Bonnet Rouge* precipitated the veteran M. Ribot's downfall, and are now threatening the stability of M. Painlevé's administration. The notorious von Kühlmann is quite astute enough to reckon upon the effect of the Almereyda disclosures. A French Ministerial crisis cannot but be a gain to Germany, and in France nothing is more infectious than a rot in Ministries. Bolo Pasha's financial legerdemain seemed, perhaps, for the moment, mainly an amusing story. But his utilization of the quarter of a million, which Bernstorff procured for the purpose from Berlin, a barefaced attempt to capture *Le Journal*, only defeated by M. Humbert's perspicacity and sturdy patriotism, was a project worthy of a Steiber. Even to attempt the Germanization of a leading Paris newspaper was astute, and its cleverness is intensified by its failure having shaken the confidence of the French public in their own

Press. After such a *coup* in spite of the final fiasco it is a big drop to the story of the foundation of the weekly journal *Autour des Echos* by Jouglé, Duval's secretary, its purpose being a propaganda on the *Bonnet Rouge* lines among the school teachers of France. But even this petty affair shows which way the wind blows. It is almost an impertinence to venture a suggestion to the French authorities on a matter which is mainly domestic, for they have indubitably shown themselves, for the most part, more capable of handling their affairs than we have. It may, however, perhaps be permissible to point out that our regulations precluding the formation of any new journals during the War will obviate a great deal of trouble in tracking down the real owners of new Press undertakings. It would be something gained if France could once and for all close the door against any German exploitation of the French Press. For the rest, the French political system remains and, perhaps, always will remain peculiarly susceptible to enemy influence. France, too, is no less vulnerable than ourselves to treachery. Nobody doubts for a moment that the heart of France is sound to the core. The self-sacrificing patriotism which burns in the soul of every *poilu* finds its reflection in almost every son and daughter of French soil. Yet the *Union Sacrée* is being challenged by her traditional enemy who is plotting her destruction, just as pitilessly, and much more adroitly with the pen and the tongue than with the sword. It is for France herself to organize her civil armies and formulate her civil campaign in the full conviction that in this arena, too, she shares with her Allies a heavy task.

It is a mere truism that the story of Germany's Press intrigues would stagger the world. In Russia, Scandinavia, Holland, Spain, Italy, the Northern

and Southern Americas, in China, and in India, newspapers have for years been openly subventioned, often with hardly any pretense at secrecy. Since the outbreak of War they have been purchased broadcast in every neutral country, and, it may be, as we have said, even in the countries of the Allies. It can serve no honest purpose to allow these transactions to remain hidden. The policy of reticence can, in this context, find few apologists. It is inconceivable that it can be any advantage to the Allies that Germany should be able, as she notoriously has been able, to manufacture a false neutral, and, *a fortiori*, belligerent opinion by the secret purchase of neutral or belligerent newspapers. It may be a somewhat nice point, whether it is a breach of neutrality for the neutral Press to accept a German subvention, but the fact once established could be and most emphatically should be published to all the world. It may be suggested that the Allies should jointly and severally make known, in the widest possible ways, the names of all organs of public opinion of German ownership or under German control.

In Brazil, and, for that matter, every South American State, the game has been played to such an amazing extent that it seems to have defeated its own purposes. The public have been surfeited with fables. The *Times* correspondent at Buenos Aires even goes so far as to express the opinion that our counter-campaign, which has been at last organized, is much more effective, and this has no doubt not been without its influence upon the action of the South American Governments. It, nevertheless, remains an undoubted fact that even British subjects in South America were until quite recently kept in a state of abysmal ignorance as to the military situation. An English lady

of undoubted integrity, in a letter which has only just reached this country from South America, alluded to the unfortunate fact that the British Army had been "hopelessly defeated in Flanders."

The exploitation of the Press is, however, only symptomatic. Germany aims at infecting the wellspring of national well-being. Her civil campaign is the exact correlative of her military objective. It is her ineradicable will to deny to any nationality the right to order its own affairs or to live its life free from the shadow of foreign domination. The issues are the same whether they have to be fought in a contest of blood and iron or in a war of wits. If we want a further illustration we have ready to our hand a warning and an example in Russia. The whole story may never be told, now that the records of German duplicity have been so largely given to the flames. The disintegration of that mighty State has been the work of generations. There probably never has been a time when Germany and Austria alike were not planning to exploit the troubles in the Ukraine, and so drive a wedge between the Little Russians and the Great. The bad faith of Russian Tsardom, which over and over again broke its promises, played the enemy's game, and Free Russia now reaps the aftermath in a cry for Ukrainian autonomy at the moment doubly disastrous. An independent Ukraina would indubitably become more and more Teutonized and less Slav. Her richest and most advanced provinces would thus be wholly alienated for all time from federation with the Russian State. Finland with her national jealousies sedulously fostered signalizes the dawn of liberty by declaring not for freedom under the banner of Russia but for slavery for all time as the bondsman of the Hun. The disintegration and

degeneration of the mighty Russian army has been Germany's aim and handiwork all through the War. By the exploitation of the corruption indigenous in Imperial Russia she succeeded beyond her wildest hopes in achieving a masterpiece of organization which over and over again paralyzed the Russian arms. Munitions and supplies were diverted. It is categorically stated today that shells and guns sent by ourselves to our Russian allies were sent on by corrupted agents to Germany, and are now being used against us on the Western Front. The discontent resulting from all this was sedulously fanned into a flame, and the confidence and integrity of the Russian soldier reduced to a negative quantity. In the Revolution Germany found an opportunity exactly suited to her fell purpose. It was an easy matter for her knavish agents to turn from the seducing of a corrupt Court to the still more congenial task of cajoling a reckless mob drunk with a new freedom. At every street corner they preached a gospel hailed by a hilarious crowd as a message from a New Heaven vouchsafed to a New Earth. Journals new and old appeared and reappeared like magic without let or hindrance, to be hailed as in themselves the sign and symbol of Free Russia, but bearing for the most part the "mark of the beast" with their utter negation of the practical and their insidious appeal to all that is ideal in the Slav soul. It is small wonder that the untutored masses should have fallen so completely under the dominion of these practised agitators, that they actually elected known German spies (many released from prison or internment for the purpose) as their national delegates.

An Allied Civil Offensive is, by analogy to the Allied strategy in the field, the obvious answer to Ger-

many's secret Civil Offensive. America has risen to the urgency of the danger, and the National Committee of Patriotic and Defense Societies have announced a widespread campaign. Thousands of local committees are being organized to combat unpatriotic activities. State chairmen have been appointed to direct the movement against disloyalty. Each citizen is required to report un-American propaganda to the Department of Justice. This is an inspiring example which we shall do well to emulate. Mr. Lloyd George, too, has given us a prescient warning in his speech at the Albert Hall on the 22d of October which every man in the country ought to lay to heart. In his own words, "The enemy, beaten on most of the battlefields, is organizing with deadly care and ingenuity an offensive behind the lines. I know what I am talking about. See what has happened in France—they discovered it in time—and look out for Boloism in all its forms. It is the latest and most formidable weapon in the German armory."

The spokesmen of the War Aims Committee have given us a lead at The Nineteenth Century and After.

home. Every leader of thought, every politician, who puts country before party must wake the nation with clarion cries to the reality of the peril which confronts us in spite of the matchless valor of our soldiers and sailors. The swift and pitiless exposure to the light of day of every trick and turn of the German game; the instant internment, in spite of any possible "influence," of every suspect; the trial, conviction, and punishment, of every traitor who has handled German money, without regard to party exigencies; seem to be incontestably necessary to the defense of the Realm.

We are, moreover, individually responsible, and if we fail to discharge our trust fully and faithfully we shall suffer individually as well as nationally. It is the first duty of citizenship for every man who holds dear England, and what England stands for, to bring home to the people of England that the issues rest with them. The heart of the country beats as truly as the heart of the Army and Navy, and has only to be touched to prove as stout a shield and bulwark against all the forces of evil.

W. Morris Colles.

TWO PERMANENT CAUSES OF INDUSTRIAL UNREST.*

Of the causes which have brought about the industrial unrest which afflicts the country at the present time some are of a more passing character, the direct result of the war, others are of a more permanent and fundamental kind. To the first class belong the interference with many trades-union regulations which the war has necessitated, to which the

workers have assented with much unwillingness and many searchings of heart, and the anxiety that is felt lest the Government, even in spite of themselves, should not be able to replace them in their entirety when the war is over; the rise of prices in almost all articles, but particularly in provisions which the restriction of supply and the inflation of the currency have caused, a rise which it is contended has by no means been counterbalanced by the admitted increase of wages in many industrial occupations; the sus-

*1. *Report of the Commission of Inquiry on Industrial Unrest in Wales.* (London: H. M. Stationery Office. 1917)

2. *Interim Report on Joint Standing Industrial Councils.* (London: H. M. Stationery Office. 1917)

picion of making undue profits (often not warranted by the facts), for which this rise in prices has given occasion; the so-called "dilution" of labor and employment of women in many occupations which have hitherto been regarded as the special prerogative of men, often even of skilled men; the general speeding up of work in almost all its branches which the war has necessitated and brought about. All these things and the many anxieties connected with the war itself, above all the unexpectedly long continuance of it, have tried the temper and fretted the nerves, and given rise to a somewhat vague but very real feeling of discontent and unrest which it is not easy to allay.

No doubt, some of the matters here touched upon will create very difficult questions, which will need very careful handling, when the war is over; but, as they arise out of conditions which are essentially abnormal, and should come to an end with the termination of the war, it is hoped that in a reasonable time a solution will be found for them and they will gradually disappear. But besides these passing reasons for discontent there are other and more permanent causes of unrest which the cessation of the war will certainly not remove, and it is with two of these that we propose in the present article to deal, *viz.* (1) the unsatisfactory surroundings and conditions in which much of the industrial life of the country is carried on; and (2) the exclusion of the workers from any direct share in determining the conditions under which the work on which they are engaged shall be conducted.

1. No one can travel about England and fail to be struck with the isolation from the well-to-do classes of the community, in which the industrial workers generally live, and the dinginess, shabbiness and sometimes posi-

tive squalor of many of the areas in which they congregate. This is true equally of London, of the great provincial cities which are the centers of industrial life, most of all of industrial districts covering wide areas, where some special and widely diffused industry is carried on.

To begin with London. How absolute is the divorce of the East End from the West, of London over the bridges from the rich and beautiful London which lies north of the river! How little do people who live in the West End know really about the East; how little again do people in the East End, though they pay occasional visits to the West, really know of the lives of the upper classes who inhabit it! How few again of the inhabitants of West End London could find their way about the streets of Vauxhall, Lambeth and the Borough, or have any clear conception of the sort of way in which the people inhabiting those streets pass their lives! And how squalid, dingy, unenviable the conditions are in which the inhabitants of the non-residential quarters of London permanently live, it needs only a glance, an observant glance, from the windows of any train on the Southern or Eastern lines to realize. Thousands of well-to-do and rich people pass through those dismal surroundings, with their blackened houses, their narrow and ill-kept streets, their gaudy advertisements in front, their broken windows and ill-kept yards behind, pass daily through the smoke and the dirt which seem to prevail everywhere, and yet fail to realize how lowering and depressing are the conditions of life in these districts. Familiarity has blunted their perceptions, as it has the perceptions of those who live in them. And the few who penetrate into the houses themselves become aware even of worse evils within than those which

are to be seen outside, of the overcrowding which forbids all privacy and even all decency, of the scanty and insufficient furniture, of the anxiety which before the war was brought about by the uncertainty or insufficiency of employment, of the misery and degradation which are so constantly the result of drink.

Yet London as compared with the greater provincial cities has certainly its advantages and alleviations; and makes, in spite of all drawbacks, except for the very poor and unfortunate, an interesting and even a happy home, one which those who have taken root there are unwilling to part with and abandon. In the first place there is no home in London which is not supplied and which can fail to be supplied with two of the prime necessities of life, water and light. The streets, however dingy and ill-paved they may be, never fail after a time to lead into wider and better kept thoroughfares, in which the light, or, if you like it, the glare of the shops, and the thronging of the people, give color and interest to life, which contrast with the loneliness and darkness of country villages and country lanes. And the people of London never entirely lose the sense that they are members of a vast and powerful community which is the greatest and most prosperous in the world; and some of its advantages they do as a matter of fact actually possess. What a great asset are the parks of London, its splendid river spanned by so many bridges, its magnificent streets, its fine public buildings, St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, and Westminster Hall, Somerset House and the Tower! Then, again, there are the noble hospitals, the heritage of all Londoners, where poor and rich alike can get the best advice, can be tended and nursed and cared for when they are ill and brought back

again if possible into health. Once more every London child is sure of being sent to a good and well-constructed school in which he will receive as good an education up to the age of thirteen as his abilities enable him to absorb, and the chance, if he has greater ability than his fellows, of carrying on his education to a higher stage.

This sense of belonging in a great community the various borough councils and above all the creation of the London County Council have done much to foster. The working classes have begun to feel that the members of the different borough councils and, still more, the members of the County Councils are their real representatives. Perhaps members of these bodies have only just begun to realize their own significance and the importance and the vastness of the interests for which they are trustees. But to this they are waking up; schemes for the abolition or improvement of insanitary areas, for the better enforcement of the laws against overcrowding, for the better and more public-spirited control of the liquor traffic, for the improvement of the conditions of life in shops, factories, and workshops, for the improvement of education, and the increase of opportunities for education, for the better care, medical inspection, perhaps even feeding of children, are in the air; and, though they will not be carried out all at once, give the promise of a happier, less anxious, better-ordered London than the past has witnessed.

The result of this better outlook in London has been that London has not usually been so great a center of industrial discontent and unrest as many other parts of the country. There have been indeed from time to time formidable isolated outbreaks, like the dockers' strike a few years ago, and there are dangerous elements always

hidden away in the great city, but public opinion usually counts for more and can be brought more quickly to bear in the capital than elsewhere, and the sense of the dependence of the whole community on the continued working of every part is stronger; hence there has been generally a greater unwillingness to proceed to extremities, and to seek the redress of particular grievances by measures dangerous or fatal to the common interests. Such considerations, however, by no means exonerate the public bodies of London, and above all the London County Council, from taking energetic measures to grapple with the evils of over-crowded and insanitary areas, which still too largely prevail; and we think that valuable aid could be given in solving these difficult problems, could the best of the working class be induced to come forward as candidates for posts on such governing bodies. Unfortunately genuine working people, unless they have the gift of oratory, or are political agitators, have little opportunity of making themselves and their qualities known to their fellow workmen; and, perhaps, the best hope for the future lies in those members of the more leisured classes who are genuine friends of the workers and have proved their friendship for them by living among them, or by working for them, not in a passing fit of enthusiasm, but for long and strenuous years, coming forward as their accepted representatives and spokesmen. We see no reason why this should not be done, not only by the members of University and other settlements, but by the more capable and businesslike of the clergy, particularly if they happen to hold the less exacting among the East End parishes; the discussion with their constituents of questions bearing on the social and moral condition of the people would bring them into relations with the more

intelligent members of their flock, and should add to, rather than detract from, their opportunities for spiritual usefulness; only if they are to be of any use in this way, they must have thought about and mastered the subjects with which they will be called on to deal.

In the great industrial towns the outlook is less favorable than it is in London. The isolation of the industrial quarters from the residential districts is generally even more complete than it is in London, and the wealthier portion of the population lives often at a greater distance from the working-class population of the industrial districts; for it is the ambition of everyone, as he grows wealthy, to quit the city and live in the country. The consequence is that the wealthier members of the community, so far as they take an interest at all in local concerns, take it in the affairs of their neighborhood in the country rather than in the affairs of the city where their wealth is produced. This being so, the management of the affairs of the city is apt to be thrown into the hands of the less capable and more self-seeking people who have a direct and often selfish interest in getting themselves returned for the county borough or smaller municipal councils, the interest such men are returned to serve being often not identical with, sometimes directly opposed to, the interest of the community at large, and still more to those of the workpeople. So while it would be untrue to say that our great cities are badly or corruptly governed, it certainly is true, that not much energy has been displayed in getting rid of abuses from which the workpeople suffer or in promoting schemes for making the general conditions of their life comelier and more healthful. Take one or two instances. How inadequate have been the steps taken to abate the

smoke nuisance, and to enforce the laws for the consumption by factories, iron works or collieries of their own smoke! What serious attempts again have been made to prevent the pollution or to secure the purification of our rivers? How are the laws against overcrowding, against insanitary houses or areas, enforced? What towns have put in operation to any considerable extent the schemes which Parliament has sanctioned for rehousing, or town-planning, or the provision of open spaces? Perhaps something would have been done in these directions had the war not supervened, but the experience of the past does not warrant us in thinking that any great progress would have been made and that we were about to enter on a new era in this respect or to enter upon a greatly improved state of things.

Now we are told that the Local Government Board has come to the conclusion that improvement in these and in other respects is to be looked for not so much from fresh voluntary schemes as from the better enforcement and execution of laws which have actually been passed, but are inoperative because not enforced or not put into execution. The conclusion is clearly a sound one. But then there arises the question, how is this improvement in the enforcement and execution of the laws itself to be brought about? I can see only two directions in which a marked improvement may be hoped for.

First, things are likely to be better if many more of the leisured and educated classes can be brought to see the duty and the importance of taking a larger share in the local government of the great cities than they have hitherto thought imperative upon them, and if they themselves can be better instructed for the performance of the duties which they will be called to take up. Here lies the opportunity

for the universities in the future, an opportunity which they, we are glad to recognize, are showing themselves not unwilling to embrace.

But, secondly, more than this and beyond this, it is even of greater importance, that the most capable of the working classes, men, and perhaps some women also, should be elected to, and take a part in, the municipal and district councils by which local affairs are managed. No doubt there are great difficulties in bringing this about. It is hard, as already remarked, to ascertain who the best qualified workpeople are, still harder to get these elected even if their qualifications are known. Then again there is the question how it is possible to secure their attendance. The hours at which public bodies generally meet are not those at which workmen can ordinarily attend. Would it be possible to pay workpeople at the rate of their wages, possibly with their traveling expenses added, for the hours of attendance they give to public business, and would the masters in whose employment they are, be able or willing to give them leave of absence for the hours in which they are so employed? These and many other difficulties at once present themselves in the way of giving the representatives of labor a larger and more direct part in the management of local affairs; but it seems almost certain that if a substantial improvement in the conditions under which the workpeople in the great towns live is to be secured, it must be by getting in some way or other the voice of the workpeople better heard, and by giving them a more direct control over, and a greater responsibility for, the conditions in which their own lives and those of their families are passed. While the representation of the workpeople will not certainly bring about a millennium all at once, their larger representation

seems still the surest means by which an improvement may gradually be effected.

But however bad and depressing are the conditions of life in the poorer districts of the large industrial towns, still more dingy and squalid are the surroundings where an industry is spread in villages, sometimes isolated and sometimes continuous, over a large area of country. Such areas are to be found in widely severed parts of the country, in the manufacturing districts of the Tyne-side; in the mining areas of Scotland and Northumberland; in the steel-producing districts round Sheffield and in the adjacent counties; in the towns and villages given up to spinning and weaving of cotton scattered over a large part of Lancashire; in the Potteries with its group of federated towns; in the Black Country stretching from Wolverhampton to Birmingham and beyond; in the pit villages of Durham and Yorkshire, of Derby and Nottingham, of Gloucestershire, Somerset and South Wales. While in the great cities there are at least some fine streets and outstanding public buildings, bright and well-lighted districts and well-kept public parks, etc., in the areas I have mentioned such alleviations of the squalor and dinginess are for the most part conspicuous by their absence; if the houses are better built and the evils of overcrowding as a rule are less rampant than in the more crowded portions of the great towns, the level of dreariness is more unrelieved, the monotony of existence more unbroken, the dirt and smoke, the rubbish-heaps and general untidiness, the darkness and somberness are more constant and prevalent. In the remote valleys of South Wales in which coal-mining is carried on, things seem almost to have reached a climax. We will quote a few words descriptive of the condition of things here from

the report lately issued by the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the causes of the prevailing industrial unrest in this part of the country. This is what the report says (p. 12):

A fundamental fact as to this industry in South Wales is that the life of the workers engaged in it is conditioned at every point and in every form of activity by the physical and geographical conditions of the district itself. . . . Scooped out by impetuous streams, the valleys (in which the coal-mining is carried on) are for the most part extremely narrow with inconveniently steep sides, some of them being indeed so narrow at some points that there is scarcely space enough on the level for main road and railway, in addition to the river itself. Nevertheless it is into these valleys, shut in on either side by the high mountains, that the mining population is crowded,—and it is in this same narrow space, and often right in the midst of the dwelling houses that the surface works of the collieries and any by-product plants have also of necessity been placed.

After commenting on the loss which the civic and corporate life of the community has suffered owing to the absence of "town centers" and of any conveniently centralized institutions the Commissioners continue:

In several of the valleys the houses have been built on the less sunny side, often indeed in positions where it is impossible for any sunshine to penetrate the houses. A serious burden is thus thrown upon the community owing to the ill-health and consequent reduction of efficiency, including the greater pre-disposition to fatigue, resulting from living in such sunless houses and in dark back rooms giving on to the excavated portions of so many hill sites. Of recent years the houses in the valleys and on the lower slopes are still further overshadowed by the huge coal heaps which are being piled on the breasts and upper

slopes, and which, besides making the landscape hideous, will in time endanger the very lives of those dwelling in the valleys below.

Add to these drawbacks the fact that there is no part of England which has suffered more from over-crowding than some of the districts of the Welsh coalfield, and we cannot wonder that the Commissioners both report "that the districts which have suffered most from labor disputes of recent years are those where the population is most congested," and that they should make it one of their recommendations that action should be taken on the following lines:

1. In certain areas where an abnormal shortage of dwellings exists, facilities should be provided for enabling local authorities and other approved agencies to proceed immediately with the erection of dwellings, a substantial measure of Government assistance by way of grant being made to cover all or a part of the entire cost necessitated by the operation of war conditions.

2. The Government should also without delay urge local authorities and other agencies to prepare town-planning and housing schemes to be carried into effect immediately after the restoration of peace, and should make an immediate statement as to the terms on which State loans for the purpose will be available.

3. The Government should, too, either directly, or through the medium of some approved body subsidized by the State, proceed forthwith to organize house-building schemes and to stimulate and assist local authorities and other agencies to prepare plans and schemes to be carried out after the war.

There seems no reason why the two latter provisions should not be extended to all the industrial districts above enumerated as well as to the area of the Welsh coalfield, only two

points will have to be kept steadily in view: (1) that it will not be possible to effect a complete transformation in a few years, certainly not in the years immediately following the war, when capital will be scarce and dear, and men's energies diverted in a host of different and competing directions. Care should therefore be taken to select the areas for government help where the problem is most pressing and where there seems the least chance of effecting the necessary changes by private companies or philanthropic agencies, or through the action of those directly interested in the businesses, on whom the obligation seems most naturally to fall. The examples of Bournville and Port Sunlight have shown what can be done in this direction by philanthropic employers; and that without serious loss to the business of which they are trustees and managers. Still we think that both places might have been improved as residences for workpeople had a more direct share been given to the workers themselves in the planning and management of them.

2. So far we have insisted only upon the desirability of giving, wherever possible and so far as it is possible, the workpeople themselves a more direct share in the control and management of the conditions in which their life is passed outside their actual work and occupation. Unless this can be done, not only do the responsible authorities in towns and districts grow slack in keeping the towns, districts and areas where the workpeople reside, in as good a condition as possible, but schemes started for the direct benefit of the workers will be found to languish and decay when the first promoters of them pass away or fail to take their original interest in them. How often has one observed this to be the case even when only a short time has elapsed since the schemes were first

set afoot! But is it possible to go beyond this and to give the workers a more direct control within the works themselves of the conditions in which they work, and a more direct voice and interest than heretofore in the undertaking for which they labor? This is the demand at present put forward on behalf of the men, sometimes in extreme form—Syndicalism, which aims at dispensing with the employer and capitalist altogether, being the most logical and also the most impracticable shape which this demand has taken. But apart from such extreme proposals plans have been advanced, partly as a result of pressure from the workpeople, for meeting the workers' demands, in two different directions.

(1) For the safety of the workmen, their security against accident, for compensation if accident befall them in the course of their employment, sufficient provision has been made by legislation carried within recent years. A measure of healthiness and respect for sanitary requirements are in most occupations also provided for by a system of government inspection conducted in some cases by men, in others by women. But that more in some cases remains to be done in this direction and that the workmen might be trusted with a larger responsibility is clear from a recommendation of the Welsh Commissioners referred to above. They in their report lay it down "that there should be made an improvement in general conditions of work by means of greater attention to the health and safety of the workers and the establishment of welfare institutions, *e.g.*, clubs and canteens, and the organization of recreative facilities in connection with works and factories."

(2) Secondly in many munition areas and by not a few private firms attempts have been made, sometimes with considerable success, to set up

joint councils of masters and men to which matters affecting the industry, and the workers in it, may be referred. These "works councils" have had in different areas and in different occupations different kinds of functions and duties allotted to them. In some cases they have been brought together to consider matters which affect the industry as a whole; in others questions of discipline within the works have been referred to them; it has been proposed that the dismissal of workmen should be settled by them or at least that a veto to guard against arbitrary dismissal might be given to them; and that after the war the question of the number of hours in the working day or week might be referred to them. All these experiments and proposals are, however, still in the tentative stage.

But a larger and more comprehensive scheme, intended to embrace all the chief well-organized industries in the whole country, has lately been put forward by a sub-committee of the reconstruction committee, and though not yet endorsed by the formal approval of the committee itself seems to have been favorably received by them.

The 'Whitley' sub-committee, as it is generally called in the interim report which they have recently issued, propose "that in every *well-organized industry** throughout the country there should be at once established National Councils, District Councils and Works Committees," composed in equal numbers of representatives of masters and of men, presided over by a chairman, to be appointed in one of various ways indicated in the report, in accordance with the decision of the councils themselves. The question of the functions to be assigned to each of

*By a "well-organized industry" they mean one in which most of the employers belong to some recognized Employers' Federation, most of the employees to a recognized trades union or to recognized trades unions.

these proposed councils is left somewhat vague—and this vagueness seems a weak part of the scheme—but it is suggested that the wider issues would be determined by the National Councils, that the modifications in applying the wider principles to meet the needs of special districts would have to be settled by the District Councils, while the details to render them applicable to the case of special localities and individual businesses would have to be decided by the Works Committees.

Among the questions with which it is suggested that the National Councils should deal, or allocate to District Councils or Works Committees, are (to take only a few examples) the following—"Means for securing to the workpeople a greater share in and responsibility for the determination and observance of the conditions under which their work is carried on." "The settlement of the general principles governing the conditions of employment, including the methods of fixing, paying, and readjusting wages, having regard to the need for securing to the workpeople a share in the increased prosperity of the industry." "The establishment of regular methods for negotiation upon issues arising between employers and workpeople with a view to the prevention of differences and their better adjustment when they appear." "Means of securing to the workpeople the greatest possible security of earnings and employment without undue restriction upon a change of occupation or employer." "Technical education and training." "Industrial research and the full utilization of its results."

The program thus sketched for the proposed councils (and many other items are included in the draft report) seems a sufficiently ambitious one; perhaps the important thing would be to get the councils established and actually at work, leaving the special

functions to be assigned to them for "further consideration." There will be, when the war is over and reconstruction begins, many questions of delicacy and difficulty which will have to be settled. Could such councils as are suggested in the report be already established and in operation, there would be at least courts of appeal, on which both sides would be represented, where the conflicting views might be presented and brought to the test of actual discussion. Differences of opinion, perhaps even irreconcilable differences, would, no doubt, disclose themselves, which would in some cases need the intervention of the legislature, but to have them discussed by joint committees composed of workmen and masters would be a step in the right direction, would increase the self-respect and satisfy the legitimate ambition of the men, and would at least help forward that better understanding on all matters relating to the organization of the industry which is the great thing to aim at and, if possible, secure.

For the improvement in the conditions of life outside the workshop and the factory we must look to other agencies: to the fuller representation of the workpeople in the management of local affairs which it has been one object of this article to advocate; above all to the improvement in their education which should at once make the people more capable of maintaining and more desirous of gaining those better conditions of life for which many of them at present seem scarcely to care, and should at the same time fit them to employ more rationally those increased opportunities for leisure, which seem to be the most certain, as they are also the most desirable, results of the ever growing employment of machinery and labor-saving appliances of every kind.

MUMMY.

They had been married five years, when she came, after thinking about it, to the conclusion that she had made a mistake. Not that her husband was a bad man, he was too good for her, so she told herself, but he was of a slow, cold nature like a northern winter; she was quick and hot like a tropical spring. He chilled her. She respected him of course, but he thought more of his business than of her, and when he came home at night he was tired. She had made a mistake! If she had only met Montague Sharpe before she met her husband, things would have been different. Montague was not a steady old cart-horse like her husband, and would not run in harness like a hack. He was clever enough for anything, but would stick to nothing. He had written a play and had it acted. He wrote poetry. But he could do anything except work, and make money like her husband. Of course she saw his faults, he even confessed them to her, but with all his defects he was a pleasant companion, and if she had only seen him before she met her husband, it would all have been so different! But now? Now she had been a wife for five years, and had a son. She was very fond of Sonny, who was just over four! Of course Montague could be nothing to her now but a friend.

She remained in this state of unstable equilibrium for some months. She had been thinking more and more of her mistake in marrying, and perhaps that made her irritable, but she had a quarrel with her husband, about nothing at all, of course. A bill had been paid twice over through her carelessness, and he lost his temper. She was very angry.

"Did he think she meant to cheat him? How could she remember all the

bills that had been paid? She wasn't an accountant."

He said very little and went out and dined at his club. Then she sent a telegram, and went up to the nursery and hugged Sonny in his crib, and tears fell from her eyes on his warm cheek, and he said—

"What are you crying for, Mummy?"

"Never mind," she answered. "Some day you'll have no Mummy."

And she left the house.

When her husband returned he found a note saying that she had left him.

He sat down in his chair and took his head in his hands. He guessed the truth. In his conscience he tried to think it was his fault, but the conscience was stubborn and would not have it so.

He sat there a long time without speaking. The fire had died out and there was nothing but the fallen leaves of ashes where the leaves of flame had been. He was cold. He cried out—

"Oh, Euphans, Euphans, I loved you so."

But after that, and after the little wonder scandal had blown over, he seemed to be the same quiet, sedate, hard-working man he had been before. He was kinder to Sonny than he had been. He had him down in his own room from the nursery, and let him mess the floor with wooden bricks and toy soldiers, and when he had "kissed him good-night as Mummy used to do," and the boy had gone to bed, he went down on his knees and picked up the soldiers and the bricks and put them in their boxes—and there was the soft look of a thaw in his face.

When a woman makes one mistake, she is not unlikely to make another. If Euphans' marriage had been a mistake this new venture turned out

worse than the first. Montague Sharpe was a light-natured man, and just as children often have a disease in a mild form which would be more virulent in an adult, so some shallow natures have quite shallow emotions. It requires a great deep to move to strong winds into mountainous billows; a duck pond even in a storm only ripples. So it was with Montague Sharpe. He had some ability, and lived a hand-to-mouth life, now making a little but spending much; now, as he expressed it, "down on his luck," and glad of some hack job in journalism to keep the wolf—a very skinny wolf—from his door. So it was with his affections. He was hand to mouth in his emotions. He persuaded himself that he was in love with Euphans and had an illicit honeymoon in the Italian lakes on borrowed money. But a time came when even the borrowed money came to an end, and he assured her that he must get back to work or they would starve. And they came back to London and lived in a cheap quarter of the town, and Montague found it harder to find even common food for two mouths than it had been to find it for one. He made a fairly honest effort which was only partially successful. Publishers take advantage of men that are down on their luck. It is the Master of Legions that can make a satisfactory peace. It is men with money that can afford to be hard in a bargain. When you are at your last sovereign you are at the mercy of Barabbas and Co. But that was not the worst of it!

Both had found out that the affection which had brought them together even to the defiance of convention had gone its way, and that a kind of angry indifference, with recollection of grievances, had taken its place.

"It was his love, as he called it, that had brought him to this."

"It was burdening himself with a woman of trivial affections who could not be constant to a man even when she had married him that had brought him to this."

"It was her fault."

"It was his."

So it came about that there was gloom in those poor lodgings in Albert Street, and out of the gloom sometimes lightning flashes of anger came. Most dreams end in an awakening, and so it came about that this experiment in fondness came to an end, and Euphans left him, and when he found she had given him up, for an instant there was a regretful glow of the old affection and then a great sense of relief as he called himself "a free man." And Euphans, for once, took a step in the right direction. A woman who under such circumstances loses her "protector," as it used to be ironically called, generally takes a step downwards. It is easy to step from the semi-respectable position—which is only thinly covered by the pretense of being husband and wife—to the street. But Euphans went to Madame Evert, who, in the old days, used to make her dresses for her, and whose bill, by the way, had been sent in twice and paid twice over, and asked to be taken on as a work-woman, and Madame gave her a job, and Euphans was able to live in a poor second-floor back at six shillings a week, and get herself tea and bread out of her earnings. And after the Lake of Como this sort of life went on for eighteen almost starving months.

One day Sonny was learning to ride on a little pony in the Park. It was a rigorous February day, with a wind which spoke icicles but used none. Still, notwithstanding the cold, crocuses were putting up their small golden or purple urns out of the earth and the black branches of the almonds were covered with flakes of blushes.

The riding-master had the leading rein of Sonny's pony in his hand, and perhaps it was that that led to the accident. The pony reared, threw the little boy off his back, and then one of its hoofs struck the head sunny with yellow hair.

There was a scream—a woman's scream—from the side path, and a woman ran to where the child lay and went down on the hard earth of the Row beside the boy and took his head and laid it in her shabby lap.

By this time, of course, there was a crowd collected. Some one had caught the pony. The riding-master was standing above the boy, while explaining that his horse had kicked the pony and made it rear, and that was how it happened. But while he was still explaining the child was still unconscious, and lay in the poor woman's lap. She bent over him to see if his eyelids flickered, but also to hide her face which was not that of a casual Samaritan, but was working with the ferment of strange sorrow.

"Is there a doctor?" she asked, looking to the man in his riding breeches.

"Better have him taken home, miss," said the man. "I'll telegraph to his father, miss."

"May I go with him?" she asked.

"Yes and welcome," said the man. "You see," he added, "I've got to look after the horses."

"Thank you," she said quite humbly.

There was some delay, but ultimately a slow old four-wheeler was found, and the woman got in and the little boy still lay in her arms—as the rickety cab lurched on its way.

"A good-hearted woman, that," said the policeman who was on the scene, and had taken down in his notebook a great many names and irrelevant details. "A good-hearted woman, though poor."

She was glad almost that the cab went so slow, for it gave her longer with Sonny, and, indeed, just before they reached what had been her "home," the poor little lad opened his eyes, for a great tear had fallen on his face, just as it did that night long ago when Mummy went, and when she said, "A time will come when you will have no Mummy." But he said nothing—but looked at her; and now they were at the door. The telegram had done its work, for there stood his father on the doorstep, and the woman in the shabby black lifted the child out of the cab and carried him into the hall, and then Sonny spoke.

"Papa," he said, "here's Mummy."

Guy Fleming.

THE AMERICANS IN FRANCE.

By a Military Correspondent.

H.Q., A.E.F., France.

During the last few days I have been privileged to live among the men who have been the first to come to France to uphold the honor of the Star-Spangled Banner and to make good the President's words by their deeds. I have talked with most of their chief officers, have been allowed to study their nascent organization, and to visit the troops, their huts, billets, and

training camps. If I cannot say all that might be said about their numbers, state of preparedness, and intentions, I shall endeavor to convey my general impressions of the mighty new force which has come upon the scene, and to express that sincere appreciation of it which every visitor must very deeply feel.

Englishmen who have studied the American Army before the war have

understood that it bore a strong resemblance to ours in pre-Cardwell days; that it was the armed police of an essentially pacific people; that it was starved for men and war material; that it was scattered in detachments in distant garrisons; that it was not a modern Army in any sense except in its spirit and in the excellence and the spartan discipline of the West Point training; and that even the General Staff, that mainspring of success in war, had been relegated to a position inferior to its deserts. All the struggles which our soldiers have been through to improve our Army in recent years the American soldiers have also been through, almost measure for measure, but just as it required this World War to bring home to the minds of our people that right without might was unsafe in a still imperfect world, so it has needed this perfidious aggression and these insane barbarities of Germany to convince the citizens of the United States that they must in defense of principles which they have deeply at heart, turn their ploughshares into swords for awhile.

I admit that the key of the situation so far as the American Expeditionary Force is concerned, remains in Washington. The vast and extremely complicated problem of organizing, transporting, and maintaining armies adequate to represent America honorably in the war must be solved at Washington and cannot be solved anywhere else. The American armies gathering here are the expression of the ability or otherwise of Washington to work out one of the most arduous Staff exercises ever set to a military administration, and upon the competence or otherwise of the President and his advisers to foresee and provide for all contingencies must depend the success of this astounding American adventure.

It is a cause of disquiet to some people that, owing to President Wil-

son's almost autocratic powers, and the leading rôle which he plays in these great events, one false note struck by him may fatally injure the cause. But as against this fear there stands the fact, admitted even by the President's political opponents, that not only in all that he has said and done since he took his great decision, but also in all that he has not said and has not done, he has at present not made one single mistake. There is consequently complete confidence in his supreme direction and control.

I have to make this last reservation because people are too busy here to follow in all their details the preparations in America. But we know that the necessary men are at the President's disposal, that all the youth and strength and energy of America are being enlisted for the war; that the arrangements for providing munitions and equipments are well forward, and as each new division lands in France we see not only evidence but proof that the machine at home works well. The President's practice of sending men here to gain experience by harsh contact with practical realities, and then of calling them back to advise him, is an excellent system, and might even be further extended with advantage.

To understand the difficulties of Washington we must, for example, comprehend the transport problem. We must know how many tons gross are needed, first for the transport and then for the maintenance of every American soldier; how long the circular tour of the transports takes; how much of this time is occupied by embarking and disembarking, and how much by steaming in convoy or otherwise; and there enters into this calculation the question of draughts of vessels and of ports, as well as that of railway or other communications with the troops at the front. A margin to provide

against losses at sea is also one of the necessities of the situation.

There have been no great American Armies in the field since the Civil War, and that was quite a long time ago. Consequently General Pershing and his staff have been almost exclusively occupied, since they landed in June last, in creating the organization for the Armies now in course of arriving. It has been a stupendous task, greater, I think, than any American soldier realized before he arrived here. The whole of the Headquarters Staff, and the whole great administrative services at the front and on the lines of communication, have had to be devised and then created and manned.

We have built up the magnificent organization of our British Armies from small beginnings, and after a long lapse of time. The organization of the ports, railways, lines of communication, rest camps, depôts, magazines, hospitals, remount establishments, artillery repair shops, billets, wash-houses, and a score of other services has been evolved by a long process of painful experience. This experience, and that of our French Allies, are placed freely at the disposal of the American Staff, but an Army like that of the United States coming fresh to this gigantic problem must be appalled at its magnitude and complexity, and must be given full time to master it. The American Army is not in its own country. It has, in everything connected with the French territory, and even railways, to act through the French mission under a general officer which is attached to it, and through French civil administration. American ways are not the ways of other people, and it has required good will on both sides to overcome all the formidable difficulties which have constantly presented themselves. All these difficulties are being overcome by the natural good sense of both sides,

and, though the time taken to complete the organization appears long to ardent spirits, I am convinced that the Americans are working on the right lines, and that it is merely a question of time for the organization to be completed.

It is the same with the troops who are distributed in huts and billets in localities suitable for training, each division by itself. The divisional commander is able to gain a grip upon his men, to know all his chief officers, and to supervise the training, which is in general charge of the French, so far as the battalion and the battery work is concerned, in case any help is needed. American officers and men attend both French schools and ours, and every assistance needed is freely rendered. The progress of all arms is remarkable. All ranks display a serious spirit and show the greatest keenness. The officers of the old Regular Army are a distinguished body of men, thoroughly professional, highly educated, and most modest and anxious to learn all the new methods of war which this campaign has produced. The case of the American colonel who refused to be a mere spectator at one of our bombing schools, and went through the whole course in the guise of a private under a British sergeant-instructor, is to my mind typical of the manner in which American officers approach their task. The troops are a fine, virile, upstanding body of men, nearest perhaps to the Australians in type, but with a very distinct individuality of their own. The discipline is excellent so far as can be judged from externals, and I shall be almost sorry for the Boches when these lithe, active Americans run up against them.

The American Expeditionary Force is completely self-supporting, and draws nothing from France except air, water, fresh vegetables, and eggs. The sol-

diers eat the best white bread that I have tasted for many months, and all the flour comes from America, as does the frozen meat and everything else in the way of supplies, including the iron ration of bacon and biscuit, and even milk. The Americans do not therefore impose any very severe strain upon the food supplies of the nation whose guests they are, and, moreover, they are bringing over locomotives, carriages, trucks, and railway plant to increase the possibilities of railway traffic on the French lines.

The relations between the Americans and their French hosts are excellent. There have been difficulties to be overcome, naturally, and things move more slowly than is pleasing to everyone, but by the exercise of tact and discretion on both sides the ways are being smoothed, and the troops and staffs are settling down to the long preliminary work necessary to fit units for the specialized warfare of today. In a thousand ways the French prove excellent guides and invaluable helpers. They are employed by the hundred thousand in erecting huts for the troops, so that the Americans may be comfortably housed during their first winter in France. They are busy manufacturing an important part of the American artillery, and in training the new arrivals to use these guns. They help in training specialists, especially in the infantry, and, in short, they place themselves completely at American disposal while their guests are in what the latter themselves describe as a "formative" stage.

Our rôle in helping the Americans to perfect their organization and training is much more restricted, but still it is important. Our practice is to place everything that we have unreservedly at American disposal, and to throw all doors widely open to them. Field-

Marshal Sir Douglas Haig is excellently well represented at General Pershing's Headquarters by a good, sound, practical officer. The wonderful organization, spirit, and efficiency of our Armies come as a complete revelation to most American soldiers. Americans of all grades have visited our Armies, have studied and have adopted much of our organization, have been present at our operations, large and small, and have, many of them, undergone the training in our schools for specialists. Some of our specialists, by request, help to found the American schools on sure bases. We have not forced ourselves in any way upon the Americans. We wait for them to come to us. They have just come to us at their good will and pleasure, without any false pride, and the unbreakable link of a common language, common ideals, and a common outlook upon life has enabled them to understand us rapidly. What they find good in our system they accept and adopt, and what they find bad they reject.

In France, we have suddenly discovered America, and America has discovered us. How different we both are from our preconceived notions of each other! We did not know what a highly educated, professional, and modest gentleman the American Regular officer was, nor did we quite realize what a splendid body of active fighting men he was going to bring over with him. We are a great deal more enthusiastic about the Americans, and, if I may say so, more proud of them, than we show on the surface. How can we not regard as men of our own flesh and blood the relays of American soldiers of all grades who come to us, who speak our own language and bear our own names, who understand us in a flash of time, and whose point of view on almost every conceivable subject under heaven is our own?

These sentiments are, I hope, mutual.

The Americans did not know what our Armies were, nor what they had done or are doing. Many of them know now. They witness under fire our grand attacks and our raids. They observe with astonishment the terrific powers of our modern artillery and the glorious activities of our splendid airmen. They see the spirit, the discipline, and the emulation of our infantry, and they are profoundly

The Times.

impressed by them. I hope that the pride which we feel, without venturing to express it, in the Americans is a little reciprocated by them. I can only say that every American soldier who has told me of his experiences on the British front has spoken with enthusiastic admiration of our men, and that an entirely new feeling, the consequences of which may be immense, is growing up between the two kindred nations in arms.

THE WAR TO END WAR.

Sir Edward Carson and General Smuts, speaking for the National War Aims Committee both affirmed that the ultimate object of the war was to end war. We were bound, said Sir Edward Carson, to see to it "that never again should this monster of war raise its head in a civilized world." "Militarism," said General Smuts, "must be swept away from the face of the earth," and there must be "no future threat against the peace of the world." We can all heartily assent to these propositions in the abstract; but when we come to consider their practical application, doubts arise. There were many respectable persons who, before the war, labored to discover a means of making war impossible. Some found a remedy, which no one would adopt, in universal disarmament. Others thought that commercial interests would prevent war. Another war came; and we have now to begin all over again. Two questions are here involved: one is the general problem of how to prevent all war in the future; the other, the particular problem of how to make it impossible that Germany should again set fire to the world. And as it seems that only the solution of the second problem can make practicable the solution of the first, it is with the case

of Germany we have to deal. The question is by what means can Germany be compelled to keep the peace in the future? It is not an abstract question. It is so important that unless it is settled the cause of civilization will be defeated and the war will have been fought in vain. But how is it possible to bind over a great and a powerful nation to keep the peace? It may be possible, but so far the way and means thereto have not been invented. The old method was annihilation, which is not suggested. The more modern expedient is to secure guarantees by treaty. But that also is set aside, because the word of the German is worthless. Nor, as General Smuts observed, is it proposed to break up the German nation.

What, then, remains? History should help us to the answer. There is no instance in modern history of the success of the attempt on the part of one nation to dominate the rest of the world; and the reason of the failure seems to consist in the simple fact that the rest of the world will not submit to conquest. The hegemony of the world was the ambition of the First Napoleon. A soldier of genius, an administrator of consummate ability, Napoleon came to France when she was struggling in the throes of revolu-

tion, mastered her wild spirit, and led her upon the mounting path of conquest. Here was no preconceived plan of aggression. The Napoleonic wars were the work of Napoleon, who marched upon a great adventure, perhaps the greatest adventure ever attempted by one man, marched from triumph to triumph, until the antagonistic forces he had awakened closed in upon him. He fell, but to rise again with an indomitable splendor; then fell to rise no more. He tried to do what is not permitted to man to accomplish. Did his failure end war, so far as France was concerned? We are to consider that since the passing of Napoleon France has never even contemplated another series of great wars of aggression. Nor is it to be supposed for an instant that France had or will have any such impulse. The war of 1870 was the work of the German, like the present war. But we have here to reflect that, except in so far as the Napoleonic wars were directed towards conquest, there is no parallel between those campaigns and the conflict provoked by Germany. Napoleon was a great adventurer, whose commanding personality drew to his banner a whole nation. The war provoked by Germany was the subject of forty years of preparation by the rulers of Germany. They framed the whole national policy to the one supreme end, and educated an entire population to believe in it. The process was achieved with a dull and an obstinate malignity devoid of any spark of genius. Piece by piece, the man-devouring machine was built up. It was designed for the sole purpose of acquiring material gain. The French went to war for an idea. The Germans organized slaughter for lust. The German people were promised a great reward. They were promised the kingdoms of the earth and the glory thereof; and Dr. Faustus duly clenched

The London Post,

the bargain with Mephistopheles.

When Napoleon fell the light of France went out. The thing was over and done. The Frenchman returned to cultivate his garden. But in the case of Germany there is no single person whose removal would materially affect the situation. It is the population of Germany which is involved in this affair; and you cannot destroy a whole population. Therefore the only method by which the Germans can be turned from their wickedness is to prove to them by practical demonstration that its results are and must be fraught with the most frightful disaster. What means soever are requisite to that end will be taken. How far Germany is from appreciating the situation is demonstrated by the fact stated by Sir Edward Carson that the Allies have never had from the German Government any offer of peace whatsoever. According to all the available evidence, the Pan-German, or Fatherland, Party is still unshakably predominant. And until recently the German people undoubtedly believed what they were told, that the war was forced upon Germany by her jealous rivals. But the entrance of America, who has nothing to gain by her action, into the quarrel, and the declared enmity of almost all the rest of the world, are beginning to shake the credence of the German people in the enormous falsehood of their rulers. It is possible they are beginning to learn that a war of conquest is a fatal mistake. That is their lesson, and it is the business of the Allies to teach the moral once for all. And that is the purpose of the war. Restitution, reparation, punishment, are all means to the same end. They are not ends in themselves. It is the business of the Allies to concentrate their energies upon the first step towards securing peace in the future, which is to convince the malefactor of his guilt.

SUPERIOR PERSONS.

When long ago Disraeli called Mr. Horsman "a superior person" because he was a high priest of the Obvious, the new phrase was perhaps prophetic. Disraeli marked the old sort of set superiority on the wane, and he seems to have described the rise of a new description—of the inferior-superior, the superior man who is far indeed from being a "superman." From 1870 onwards, Disraeli never wearied of insisting that the destinies of Great Britain should never be committed to a clique of "prigs and pedants," to mediocrity in *excelsis*. We have marched since then; we are in the grip—or shall we say the embrace?—of what Dr. Johnson once styled the "bottomless prig," and of what we may be pardoned for terming the topless pedant. We have fanatic Socialists, too, and apostles of envy, who regard themselves as divine, and would have us believe that, like the image of Diana at Ephesus, they have dropped down straight from Heaven. Moreover, in the general scramble for titles, there are also those "superiors" of whom it might be said that they would not sell us, dear, so much loved they not honors more. The whole theme will form a memorable chapter in that great Book of Bores, which still remains to be written.

The old-fashioned sort of superior person was, roughly, of three types—the patrician, the don (abbreviated, said Philistines, from donkey), and those ubiquitous nobodies somehow licensed to seem somebodies. The "superior" Peer dates from our glorious Revolution. He belonged to a close oligarchy of domineers by appointment. And, in politics, by a strange irony, he became associated with those popular causes which no caucus had yet exploited. That association, how-

ever, was not uniform, and when Lord Monmouth told Coningsby that he was to vote with his party, like a gentleman, and not from conviction, like any common adventurer, he proved quite as "superior" on the other side. None the less, intellectually, the type was Whig. Lord John Russell was *par excellence* this kind of superior person. He patronized democracy without the least doubt as to who must be master. And, as one of his own family assured us, he played with those democratic fires under the impression that they were fireworks which could never kindle a conflagration. By the same token he once wrote a bad play, but, of course, since he wrote it, it was superior also. Socially, again, there used to be the nobleman who regarded the Continent as a conquered country. In its turn the Continent used to parody him at a provincial inn, after the upset of the coach conveying his wife and daughters. When a messenger announced that the wife lay senseless and the family fractured, he only stood by the warm stove and whistled. Such men, however, had some real warrant for *hauteur*. They sprang from a class traditionally trained to govern, and in proportion to size it contained fewer unworthy and more responsible members than most of the rest. They seemed to be contemplating continually statues of themselves raised by public subscription.

The superior don was a *parvenu* in comparison, for the masterful eighteenth century would not suffer swelled head in academicians. There used to be a peculiarly provoking specimen, not unknown to Oxford in days before little Balliol and little Bethel had struck up an alliance. He expressed his superiority (with faintly-knitted

brows) by a perplexed and questioning and perforating silence. His face was a perpetual mark of interrogation. There was about him a kind of conceited modesty without warmth or light or wit or sparkle. Wishing to seem Socratic, he wanted you to think that he knew all in appearing to know nothing. He seemed certain of nothing save perhaps his own indefinite indispensability. One blatant word would have been a relief, for he left you with the idea—one of the few words he dealt in was "idea"—that you had met a mist. "Madam," exclaims Heine, "have you the ghost of an idea what an idea is?" We are sure that our don never had, but he was so fuddled with polyglot philosophies, so vainly philosophic and philosophically vain, so condescendingly puzzle-headed that folks took him for a metaphysician. Needless to add that he rose superior to costume. By a sort of inverted dandyism he was aggressively ill-dressed—it was the only pronounced thing about him. Clothes were just an idea, and his tailor, an abstraction. We ought to have said "abstractly" ill-clad instead of "aggressively."

Since then we have seen the university man succeeding in life simply by looking solemn and through some elusive magic of vague impressiveness. His gait and gestures help, but the secret lies in his high forehead. For he belongs to the noble army of forehead-traders. That many confuse solemnity with profundity is an old story. But Burleigh's grave headshake, Thurlow's beetling brows, Harley's feeble-forebiveness, pale before a super-vacancy so majestic. It is a great gift this faculty of looking so wise that you carve a career, and meaning so little that you seldom risk a reputation. Heaven knows whence it springs, though we suppose there must be something in it. Our friend has the official manner—discreet platitude,

learned facility, a behind-the-scenes absence of mind. He is gently affable in his attitude, but you never forget that he is the "man-mountain," whatever mice it may bring forth. For him everyone who is lively is unsound; anything that it is inconvenient to discuss is a matter of "high policy." He is an intellectual Joseph who never yields to originality of thought or action. At a nation's crisis he will settle things by telling you what Goshen always advised, or well remembering that Lord Salisbury was never in a hurry. Other men far cleverer, just as persistent, fail; you can count them by twenties. But they lack the spells of that humorless smile and that infinite forehead. He is, of course, at the top of the tree, but many superiors with fronts nigh as expansive are swarming up the lower branches, crunching the decorations as they rise. One certain sign of them is that they never tackle things as they are, but only as their office, or the patron to whose coat-tails they cling, regards them. "In the beginning God created the Treasury and the Foreign Office"—that is their version of Genesis, and there is no flaming sword that can expel such a fine fatuity from Eden.

It is odd, too, how thoroughly good fellows will suddenly blossom into superior persons if summoned to a new sphere. We remember the instance of a brilliant and genial man transferred at a stroke from high office to the receipt of Custom. He became awfully, rudely superior. The man who had never given offense offended everyone. Was it from shyness, or was it from a lack of imagination that a being so able and amiable was transformed into a bear? Who shall decide? No doubt he thought that a great business manner was required, or perhaps he may have been bewildered by the quickness and haste of his

environment. But there it was. Nobody would have known him, and the superior air, that gets men on when it is ponderously silent, failed completely when it sought refuge in brusqueness. We recollect another instance of superiority arising from an exchange of careers. A distinguished man of letters was once called into the Cabinet. Instantly he became superior. He lectured the world, and has been lecturing it ever since. He had no sense of humor.

The Fabian is terribly superior. If you will not concede that exceptions make the rule, and that topsy-turvydom is the true order of reason, you are a fool, and he tells you so to your face. We speak as a fool, it is true; but this kind of omniscience is intolerable. Whatever you say, if you do not agree, you are *bourgeois*—which he is wont to pronounce "bour-gewar." One of them assured us that Heine—already quoted—was an anarchist. We mildly retorted that Heine once said that democrats loved the people so much that with it they

The Saturday Review.

were ready to share *its* last crust. Omniscience is not always omniscient.

Then there is another sort of superiority—the superiority to polish or information. We know of a clever editor, a caterer for the million, who will print nothing that lacks the qualities of the cinema. Everything else is only fit for cultivated old maids or those *precieuses ridicules*, the ladies superior. So be it. You cannot have an uproarious circulation without calculated uproar. Matthew Arnold—the fine flower of superiority—made one of his best characters murmur when the word "delicacy" was dropped casually in a railway carriage, "Surely I have heard that word before. Yes, before I knew Sala, before I wrote for that infernal paper, before I called Dixon's style 'lithe and sinewy.'"

After all, everyone is a bore to somebody. If the superior person bores us, it should follow that we inferiors bore the superior person. But not a bit of it—that is his proud peculiarity. No one bores him—not even himself. His self-complacency is invincible.

SIX-AND-A-PENNY-HALFPENNY.

"This," I said, "is perfectly monstrous. It is an outrage. It——"

"What have they done to you now?" said Francesca. "Have they forbidden you to have your boots made of leather, or to go on wearing your shiny old blue serge suit, or have they failed in some way to recognize your merits as a Volunteer? Quick, tell me so that I may comfort you."

"Listen to this," I said.

"I should be better able to listen and you would certainly be better able to read the letter if you didn't brandish it in my face."

"When you've heard it," I said,

"you'll understand why I brandish it. Listen:

"Sir,—I understand that on the 15th instant you traveled from Star Bend to our London terminus without your season ticket, and declined to pay the ordinary fare. One of the conditions which you signed stipulates that in the event of your inability to produce your season ticket the ordinary fare shall be paid, and as the Railway Executive now controlling the railways on behalf of the Government is strict in enforcing the observance of this condition, I have no alternative but to request you to kindly remit me the

sum of 6s. 1½d. in respect of the journey in question.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
H. W. Hutchinson.

"This," I said, as I finished reading the letter, "comes from the Great North-Southern Railway, and is addressed to me. What do you think of it?"

"The miserable man," said Francesca, "has split an infinitive, but he probably did it under the orders of the Railway Executive."

"I don't mind," I said, "about his treatment of infinitives. He may split them all to smithereens if he likes. It's the monstrous nature of his demand that vexes me."

"What can you expect of a Railway Company?" said Francesca. "Surely you didn't suppose a company would display any of the finer feelings?"

"Francesca," I said, "this is a serious matter. If you are not going to sympathize with me, say so at once, and I shall know what to do."

"Well, what will you do?"

"I shall plough my lonely furrow—I mean, I shall write my lonely letter all by myself, and you shan't help me to make up any of the stingers that I'm going to put into it."

"Oh, my dear," she said, "what is the use of writing stingers to a railway? You might as well smack the engine because the guard trod on your foot."

"Well, but, Francesca, I'm boiling over with indignation."

"So am I," she said, "but——"

"But me no buts," I said. "Let's boil over together and trounce Mr. Hutchinson. Let us write a model

Punch.

letter for the use of season-ticket holders who have mislaid their tickets. We'll pack it full of sarcasm and irony. We will make an appeal to the nobler sentiments of the Board of Directors. We will remind them that they too are subject to human frailty, and——"

"——we will not send the letter, but will put it away until we've finished our boiling-over and have simmered down."

"Francesca," I said, "am I not going to be allowed to communicate to this so-called railway company my opinion of its conduct? Are all the pearls of sarcasm with which my mind is teeming to be thrown away?"

"Well," she said, "it would be useless to cast them before the Railway Executive."

"Mayn't I hint a hope that the penny-halfpenny will come in useful in a time of financial stress?"

"No," she said decisively, "you are to do none of these things. Of course they've behaved in a mean and shabby way, but they've got you fixed, and the best thing you can do is to get a postal order and send it off to Mr. Hutchinson."

"Mayn't I——"

"No, certainly not. Write a short and formal note and enclose the P.O.; and next time don't forget your ticket."

"If you'll tell me how to make sure of that," I said, "I'll vote for having a statue of you put up."

"Does everybody," she said, "forget his season ticket?"

"Yes," I said, "everybody, at least once a year."

R. C. Lehmann.

RUSSIA AND RETRIBUTION.

Revolution is rarely national; and, as with the revolution of a wheel, it is the small cranks that set the mechan-

ism in motion. First of all comes the theft of power by a local and unrepresentative group of semi-intellectuals, who

play upon discontents often mongrel and usually sporadic. Unable to support that power—for they are weaklings of words—they are soon ousted by rabid anarchists intent on plunder, and rife with experiments against nature. For a time these simulate union by combining all the demolishers of the Decalogue, and bribing the rest with promises of partition. Deep, too, calls to deep, and perhaps extremists yet madder, revolts more revolting, add the brotherhood of Cain to the degradation of "equality" and "Liberty's" despotisms. But inevitably a stern dictator arises and puts an end to the Witches' Sabbath.

It is difficult to define the real causes of revolutions, which are frequently due quite as much to Rousseauism or Marxism—to sentimental or economical theories—as to past wrongs that offer them opportunities when they come home to roost. Moreover, the men who contrive upheavals are in a very true sense their immediate cause. Without them Revolution would rest satisfied with reform, and with them the shape that Revolution assumes is constantly the shape of these pioneers and not that which fits the maladies of the body politic. Indeed, the remedies of the nostrum-mongers generally aggravate the symptoms. Revolutions are retributions, it is true, but they tend to be retributions for what their leaders have missed rather than for what the people has suffered. Hysteria is no salve for inflammation.

The root of the Russian trouble is exceptional, and it has escaped the wiseacres and ideologues who prattle of "democracy" and predict the golden age. The cause of the Russian unrest cannot be said to be Czarism, for the nation at large—above all its peasants—all are monarchical to the core. The nation may have been fooled into believing that the Court was especially

pro-German, but pro-Germanism is not the cause, for Russia has been riddled with pro-Germans during almost two centuries, and the present propagandists are largely cosmopolitans who are playing the German game. Once more, the gross corruptions of officialism are not the true cause, since nothing can exceed the corruption of the Revolutionists themselves. For what then is this hybrid Revolution retributive? Mainly for the ruthless persecution of the Jews in a semi-oriental and still mediæval country which has persisted in "pogroms" repugnant to civilized Europe. Men of Jewish and often of German-Jewish origin have been in the forefront of the ferment, and are still convulsing all orders and every kind of order. The Soviet is largely thus leavened. Kerenski and the so-called Lenin, if we mistake not, are partially so derived.

This is a very remarkable fact, for the Jews are not revolutionary by instinct, and only become so through systematic oppression. Nor is internationalism their affinity, for where true statesmanship welcomes them they are always among the most public-spirited of patriots. "Every nation gets the Jews it deserves" is a trite but true saying, and Russia has got hers with a vengeance. Yet it would be as unjust as untrue to suggest that the Jews have undone Russia. It is international Socialism that has betrayed her, the cabals of Geneva and Stockholm. We might as well say that Russia has been betrayed by Mr. Ramsay Macdonald. A nation is a union of races, in ideal association. The Jews are a race not a nation, as Napoleon well recognized, and when they are well treated they grow to the soil. When they are not, they are driven into revolutions which they head, through their ability.

"The Jews," wrote Disraeli, in that fine twenty-fourth chapter of his

biography of Bentinck, "... are the trustees of tradition and the conservators of the religious element. They are a living and most striking evidence of the falsity of that pernicious doctrine ... the natural equality of man. The political equality of a particular race is a matter of municipal arrangement, and depends entirely on political considerations and circumstances; but the natural equality of man ... taking the form of cosmopolitan fraternity, is a principle, which, were it possible to act on it, would deteriorate the great races and destroy the genius of the world. ... The native tendency of the Jewish race ... is against the doctrine of the equality of man. They have also another characteristic, the faculty of acquisition. ... Thus it will be seen that all the tendencies of the Jewish race are conservative. Their bias is to religion, property, and natural aristocracy. ... But existing society has chosen to persecute this race which should furnish its choice allies, and what have been the consequences? They may be traced in the last outbreak of the destructive principle in Europe. An insurrection takes place against tradition and aristocracy, against religion and property. Destruction of the scientific principle ... the natural equality of man, and the abrogation of property, are proclaimed by the secret societies who form the provisional governments, and men of Jewish race are found at the head of everyone of them. The people of God co-operate with atheists; the most skilful accumulators of property ally themselves with Communists; the peculiar and chosen race touch the hand of all the scum and low castes of Europe! And all this because they wish to destroy that ungrateful Christendom which owes to them even its name, and whose tyranny they can no longer endure. When the secret

societies in February, 1848, surprised Europe, they were themselves surprised by the unexpected opportunity, and so little capable were they of seizing the occasion that, had it not been for the Jews, who of late years unfortunately have been connecting themselves with these unhallowed associations, imbecile as were the Governments, the uncalled-for outbreak would not have ravaged Europe." And then Disraeli proceeds to prove his statements in detail.

We make no apology for so long a citation from a passage so profound and prophetic. "Whoso is wise will ponder these things." If our Premier, who too often takes the color of the last acquaintance peripatetically encountered, had only pondered the problem and been conversant with its mainspring, he would never have indulged in cheap chapel oratory about Kerenski's "able and powerful Government," about the sun shining in the sky over the "dark glen," or about "Russia, dazed with the light." He has neither seen nor foreseen, and it is a great misfortune that he invited the Delegates, congratulated internationalism, and connived at the stifled Stockholm Conference. Did our Ambassador, did Lord Milner inform him how and why these manoeuvres arose? And if not, why not? For to every student not misled by the post-impressionists of politics the causes were as clear as day. But this is not a time for reproaches if only we take the lesson to heart. The Socialists bid fair to ruin every country that they are allowed to mishandle. The Italian *débacle* is largely of their making, the Russian is wholly so. But Socialists can, in their turn, prove the most repressive of tyrants, and the New Democracy by no means implies our ancient freedom. The "pacifisms" in the life-and-death struggle for honor and existence, are a very real

danger, which Germany is not slow to exploit by every machination. One day Russia will revive consolidated, and, maybe, a predominant power. But we do not expect to witness that renaissance while the war lasts. In going to peace she will go to pieces. She cries out (as Ireland and India cry out) for a firm hand and an understanding brain. Explanations never decide things, they only confuse them. Yet on we go "explaining" that it is for this new-fangled Democracy—heaven save the mark—that we are fighting. Emphatically we are not. We are battling for our country and to keep our word—very plain and pressing causes, that we wish Russia would remember. Let her warn us against politicizing issues so vast and vital. And let us learn that repression, even under Democracy's banner, is certain to entail menacing reactions. As we sow, we reap.

A long course of Socialistic prop-
The Saturday Review,

aganda preceded the Revolution. Russia, locked in mediævalism, panted for escape—from herself. Morbid and neurotic, confronted by the contrasts of extreme luxury and poverty, she brooded as in some madhouse, on the visions of violence and the dreams of brotherhood. In vain did the Duma offer her constitutional medicines. The war rendered her melancholy impatient and consigned it to the fury of quacks or fanatics, who prescribed the forbidden vodka. It will take her long to recover, though only some five per cent of the population approve of insanity. "More haste, less speed." Here let us be lessoned also, and never be led away by the demagogue-doctors who are poisoning Europe. Muscovy remains an iceberg drifting to be warm. Formerly it was Constantinople, now it is the world-league that will meet her. But warmth is only to be found by the fireside. Like Charity, it begins at home.

THE NAVY AND THE OFFENSIVE.

A great many people are saying that our naval policy is recumbently defensive and that fleets so supreme as those of the Allies ought to be in the posture of attack. We fear that our constant succession of small wars in which the British fleet has been able to do what it liked has given many of us false ideas of the real nature of sea-power. It never meant anything more than control of the communications overseas. This control enables the Power exercising it to bring about certain results of military importance. The first and most important is the interruption of the communications overseas of the enemy. This interruption was complicated in this war by the fact that Germany has several neutral neighbors, but it is now quite

complete. The second result is the isolation and conquest of all foreign possessions of the enemy which could not be reached except by sea. This result, too, except for the resistance which the Germans are maintaining in a corner of East Africa, is completely accomplished, and it is now true to say that Germany has no overseas colonies. Her writers are fond of pointing to their conquests on land, but measured in square mileage our own conquests, thanks to sea-power, are more extensive, and if we count in the effective use of the sea, which after all occupies three-fourths of the world's surface, even the territorial acquisitions of the Allies are enormously greater than those of Germany. The third use of sea-power is as an adjunct of the

army. Sea-power never put itself forward as the equal of military power on its own element. Throughout the greater part of the Napoleonic wars France was in possession of Belgium, but except for the disastrous Walcheren Expedition no attempt was made by our supreme navy to recover it. No naval victory in the history of the world ever made such noise as the Battle of the Nile, but it did not prevent Napoleon from invading Palestine afterwards. Trafalgar would never have been fought if the French fleet in Cadiz had not been forced by starvation to come out. The bombardment of Copenhagen was the one operation of the navy in Nelson's days to which there is no parallel in this war. When we expect the navy to be supreme, not only on its own element but to meet modern shore fortifications on equal terms, we are asking for something for which there is no warrant in the whole of our naval history. Let us be reasonable.

Let us remember, too, that the changes in the world since the last great war have all been against the effective exercise of sea-power. In the first place, science has brought about a great shrinkage in the earth's surface. A hundred miles now corresponds to ten miles then, and to get the same immunity from the "silver streak" that we once did we should need to be moored a thousand miles out in the Atlantic. Secondly, the submarine has made close blockade impossible. In the old days our navy was nearer the enemy and our coasts farther away; now our coasts are nearer and our ships farther away. Lastly, mines, especially in narrow waters, have tended to neutralize large areas of the sea. For example, the Baltic, owing to the mining of the narrow entrances, is now apparently a closed sea, at any rate to our surface craft, with the result that Ger-

many has been able to concentrate an overwhelming force against Russia in the Baltic in spite of the even more overwhelming superiority of our naval forces outside. All these things have tended against the effectual exercise of sea-power as compared with the Napoleonic wars. Yet the modern navy need not fear comparison with those times. Our blockade of Germany is as strict as ever it was of France; our denial of the seas to the enemy's naval craft is even stricter, for though Germany, thanks to the employment of submarines, has done our merchant marine more injury than the French privateers did in the wars with Napoleon, she has done it at the price of bringing in the United States against her, whereas then it was our tyranny at sea that was resented by neutrals. In 1812 the United States went to war with us owing to our exercise of naval power; now that boot is on the enemy's foot. Nor should we be too exercised in mind over raids like that in the North Sea. So far as surface craft is concerned, our sea-power is more absolute than anything ever dreamed of in Napoleon's wars. This is one of the respects in which science has favored us. In the old days, when the blockade was conducted by sailing ships, a wind offshore often broke up the blockade. Now, thanks to steam, our blockade, though more distant, is more constant, and far fewer surface craft attain the open sea than in the old days. The exceptions of today were nearly the rule in the old wars.

We are not deprecating criticism of the navy, but merely anxious that it should be fair and relevant. Fair and relevant criticism of the present action of our navy would fall under one or other of the following heads. First, are the existing arrangements for patrol in the North Sea the best that could be devised? In particular, is

our system of air patrols adequate, and can we not devise some system of patrol by air at sea which would give us an immunity from air attack not absolute, indeed, but corresponding to the immunity enjoyed by our coast towns from bombardment by surface craft? We are not satisfied with the answers usually given to such questions as these, and have a rooted objection to our air defenses at home being governed by military ideas. The sea is the region in which we should be defended from raids. Secondly, can our navy be used more effectually in combined operations with the army? It could certainly if we had used the navy to better purpose in the Eastern Mediterranean, but there it was usually our army authorities who held back the military support necessary if naval power was to exert its full military effect. But against fortifications such as the Germans have by this

The Manchester Guardian.

time erected along the coast of Belgium we do not believe that the navy, with or without an army, can be used so as to produce decisive military results. In the Dardanelles, and in the East generally, it might; on the coast of Belgium we doubt it. The conditions in the German operations in the Baltic were entirely different. Still, we are open to conviction on this point, which is admittedly contentious. Lastly, should our navy rest content with its exclusion by mines from a large area like the Baltic? Could we have done more to help Russia against the German naval concentration than we apparently have? The question of the Baltic is the most serious and searching of all, and we find it exceedingly difficult to reconcile ourselves to a system which makes the Baltic a closed sea. For this is a permanent question. If we acquiesce now, we acquiesce for good and all.

WARTIME FINANCE.

(The colossal expenditures of the war, and the pressing problems which confront the different Governments and the financiers and business interests of the different countries are of so profound national concern that THE LIVING AGE proposes to print for the present, from week to week, a department specially devoted to their consideration.—Editor of THE LIVING AGE.)

PARLIAMENT AND FINANCE.

With his incurable habit of saying the wrong thing, Mr. Bonar Law introduced a supplementary vote of credit of 400 millions in a speech full of jaunty optimism which can only have a bad effect. It will confirm public sentiment in its slipshod slackness with regard to finance, and it will not help the sales of National War Bonds, which already show a considerable dwindling after the opening rush. It will be remembered that the House was alarmed when, during the period covered by the first vote of credit for this financial year, the expenditure showed an increase of two

millions a day above the Budget estimate. It was explained at the time that exceptional circumstances had produced this increase, and there was every reason to expect that it would not continue. Because it has not continued, and since that time the excess over the estimate has come down to about one million a day, the Chancellor of the Exchequer seems to think that all is well with finance, and proceeds to deal with the subject in a strain of airy carelessness, encouraging the country to follow its natural bent and do likewise. He dealt with the whole period from the beginning of the financial year to Sep-

tember 29th. During this period he finds an average daily expenditure (presumably out of votes of credit) of £6,648,000, an increase over the estimate of £1,237,000 per day, of which the Army and Navy took £590,000, miscellaneous services £306,000, and the amounts advanced to Allies and Dominions £341,000. Thus during the first half of the year the Budget estimate has been exceeded by roughly a million and a quarter a day. If this rate is continued—and in the second half of the year it seems at least likely to be exceeded, owing to the costs of the Government's policy with regard to wheat and its increase in the pay of soldiers and sailors—the Budget estimate of expenditure will be increased by roughly 450 millions. And yet in the face of this staggering miscalculation the Chancellor made a speech which produced, we are told, a greatly reassured feeling in the House. He did so by showing that a large part of this increased expenditure is spent upon stocks which are afterwards sold or is in other ways recoverable, and ought, therefore, in the Chancellor's words, "not to be regarded as if it were a dead weight burden upon our expenditure." These items were as follows:

| | Millions. |
|----------------------------------|-----------|
| Loans to Allies and Dominions.. | 61½ |
| In hands of Treasury Agents.. | 15½ |
| Advances to Dominions..... | 24 |
| Raw materials, food and ships... | 74½ |
| Payments on behalf of Allies.... | 3½ |
| Total | 179 |

Deducting this sum from 222½ millions, the increase during the half-year, we get the comfortable little sum of 43½ millions, or only about a quarter of a million a day instead of a million and a quarter shown by the figures of expenditure; and these arithmetical gymnastics appear to have delighted and reassured the House. Mr. Bonar Law

admitted that the fact that most of these sums were, in his opinion, some day recoverable, did not make any difference to the amount that we have now to find for the war, and by making this admission he knocked the bottom out of his own argument. Because it is this problem of finding money for the war and of doing so in the right way that the nation has to be induced to face seriously, if it does not care to risk grave danger to its financial staying power. Moreover, to treat all these assets as worth their cost price in his balance-sheet is an example of very questionable book-keeping. We know that many of our Allies will be very seriously impoverished by the war—much more so than we shall; that it will be impossible to expect them to begin to pay us interest (unless we lend them the money to do so) for some time after the war; and that the repayment of the capital advanced is a matter for which we have to wait for perhaps a generation, or several. This being so, not many respectable accountants would be inclined to put their signatures to the Chancellor's statement without a qualifying footnote. Moreover, with regard to the biggest item—raw materials, foodstuffs and ships—one must feel again considerable doubt as to whether the price paid by the Government will necessarily be recovered by it. In view of the example pointed out by the Expenditure Committee's report of 26 million pounds worth of Australian wheat, which is rapidly deteriorating because the Government bought it first and then began to think about shipping it, we feel that for this item also there should be considerable reserve for contingencies. Mr. Bonar Law, however, thinks that because so much of the Government expenditure has now gone into articles or securities which may perhaps some day be turned into money, he is

justified in refraining from imposing further taxation. And here again he indulged in an essay in bookkeeping optimism, and also contrived to mislead the House rather seriously by maintaining that the "principle on which we had always hitherto gone" was that "at the end of the financial year there ought to be sufficient taxation, without counting excess profits duty, when peace comes to bear the normal expenditure of the country." He maintains that he examined the problem from this point of view, and that if he had found that this would not be so, he would have introduced a new Budget. It would be interesting to know on what figures Mr. Bonar Law based his estimate. If he is expecting that peace expenditure will be on anything like the old basis, he involves himself in a dilemma which was later pointed out by Mr. McKenna. Since the yield of taxation is based on the present level of prices, it is clear that if the Government of the country can be carried on on anything like the pre-war figures, the yield from taxation would not be on anything like the present level. Moreover, what did the Chancellor mean by saying that this principle which he laid down was the one "on which we had hitherto always gone"? Whom does he mean by "we"? If he means the present Government, no doubt he is right, but the present Government is the most profligate in extravagance and the most slipshod in finance that we have had since the war. To say nothing of our ancestors, who paid nearly half the cost of the Napoleonic War out of revenue, in April 1916, Mr. McKenna, who was by no means a Paladin in taxation, budgeted for a surplus "on the basis of peace expenditure after another year of war, and all its expenses," of 85 millions. He was thus able to anticipate, if peace came, a considerable margin for relief. Yet Mr. Bonar

Law, so long as he can merely keep pace with service of the debt—and as Mr. McKenna showed, it is very doubtful whether he is so doing—not only feels satisfied himself, but misled the House by a statement which implies that this is the principle on which our war finance has all through been based.

In an interesting analysis of the position of the debt, he took the total National Debt at roughly £5,000 millions on September 29th, and having deducted from it loans to Allies of £1,100 millions, loans to Dominions £160 millions, responsibilities taken by the Indian Government £66,000,000, he makes a total of £1,326,000,000. He thus, again making the comfortable assumption that all our loans to Allies are as good as cash, brings down the total of our net debt to £3,674 millions, and having deducted the National Debt at the beginning of the war, which he puts at £645 millions, he leaves us with a net war debt of roughly £3,000 millions. From these figures he proceeded to the usual song of triumph based on a comparison between our finance and Germany's. The fact that German finance is very bad indeed is only comforting if it means that German staying power for the war is thereby weakened. But in view of German discipline and docility and readiness to believe official statements, it does not necessarily follow that this is so. Otherwise the fact that German war finance has been very bad indeed is no comfort to us because ours is very bad. Mr. McKenna endorsed Mr. Bonar Law's views that a supplementary budget was unnecessary. Nevertheless, the pace at which we are piling up debt, a considerable part of which has been raised abroad (a fact on which the Chancellor carefully laid no stress) is causing a good deal of concern among thinking men in the City, who are able to see more clearly than the Chancellor that this policy

has had results during wartime, and may have still worse ones to be faced when the war is over.

In the subsequent very thinly attended debate perhaps the most illuminating remark fell from Sir J. Walton, who said that he had spent the recess in Scotland, and could tell "How many landowners there are chortling over the splendid bargains that they have made with this incompetent Government in finance." Such is our financial leadership in the fourth year of the costliest war ever fought. Surely it is high time to improve it.

The Economist.

AMERICA'S TASK.

It is impossible to study the reports from New York and Washington without becoming increasingly impressed by the skill which is being exercised in mobilizing the resources of the States for the financing of the war. Those who have the best knowledge of the American character and American methods were convinced that when the United States came to take part in the war her efforts would be of a very whole-hearted character. But there were some who were doubtful whether it would be possible to sufficiently liquefy the resources of the country to deal with the colossal figures represented by war expenditure, and particularly by America's grants to the Allies. Previous to 1914 the riches of America, though very great, were of an infinitely less liquid character than in some other countries, and notably our own. Three years ago, therefore, there would have been few who could have imagined that in the fourth year of the war America would be granting foreign loans to the extent of hundreds of millions annually, and, in addition, be financing unprecedented activity in her home industries at a time when the

financial facilities usually granted by Lombard Street were diverted for our own use and those of our Allies in meeting war expenditure. And yet the apparently impossible thing has become an accomplished fact. To a considerable extent, of course, the power of America to grasp the situation received its initial impetus from the huge purchases of the Allies in the United States during the first two years of the war, thus giving the country a favorable trade balance of unprecedented magnitude. This in itself, however, would not have been sufficient without the vast improvement effected in the banking system of the country and the wonderful ingenuity displayed by financiers and statesmen alike ever since America came into the war on the side of the Allies.

And now, according to the latest reports, it is clear that co-operation between Washington and bankers throughout the country is becoming increasingly close, though in Wall Street there seems to have been a passing disturbance in securities. The President has called for "the mobilization of the whole gold reserve of the nation under the supervision of the Federal Reserve Board." This is undoubtedly the right course to pursue, if, as we imagine, it is a prelude to employing such gold reserves in the most efficient manner, that is to say, giving those who control it the fullest power for the expansion and contraction of credit facilities as may be required. We mention "contraction" as well as expansion, though it is needless to add that, so long as present abnormal conditions continue, it is expansion rather than contraction which will be required. The time for contraction may come at a later period. Meanwhile, however, America may be assured that those who are watching her efforts at the present time, both friends and foes alike, are im-

pressed not only with the energy displayed, but with the manifest signs of ever-improving organization. No one knows better than Germany that it is
The London Post.

organization as well as effort which spells victory, and of such organization there are abundant signs in America today.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Readers who, in the midst of all that is stern, practical and tragic in present-day existence, can still find pleasure in tales of nymphs and fauns, will enjoy Eden Phillpotts's quaint and imaginative tale of "The Girl and the Faun" (J. B. Lippincott Co.). Decorated borders on every page throw the story up in strong relief, and four colored illustrations by Frank Brangwyn interpret the text.

Under the title "Mystery Tales for Boys and Girls" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.) Elva S. Smith, an expert librarian, has collected twenty-six selections in prose and verse, appealing to the youthful imagination. The collection opens with Poe's "The Gold-Bug"; there are four selections from Washington Irving, and three from Sir Walter Scott; and Macaulay, Moore, Longfellow, Hawthorne, and Alfred Noyes are among the other authors drawn upon. There are several selections also, in translation, from German, French and Swedish authors.

It is a beguiling and extremely slender figure which decorates the cover of Vance Thompson's "Eat and Grow Thin Calendar for 1918" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) and within, through page after page for each month, are given "Mahdah" menus, changing with the seasons and devised with a view to achieving the result indicated on the cover, yet by no means unattractive. The suggestions are adapted not only to those who have

obvious reasons for resorting to them, but to those who wish so to regulate their meals as to avoid dieting as a painful necessity.

Encased in a jacket, and decorated with end pieces which show a dainty and tranquil princess ruthlessly borne away on the shoulders of a most unprepossessing giant, Miss Frances Jenkins Olcott's "Tales of the Persian Genii" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) makes an instant appeal to young readers who have a yearning for wonder tales. Beguiled by these decorations, and by four highly-imaginative pictures in color by Willy Pogany, they will find a collection of Oriental tales, drawn from ancient Persian sources, and skillfully retold in such a way as to interest young readers of today without losing their Eastern flavor.

The distinguishing quality of the series of "Children of Other Lands Books" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.) is that they are not mere descriptions written from the outside by chance travelers, but actual narratives of personal experiences by writers who describe their own childhood. As all roads once led to Rome, so the roads traversed by all of these writers led to America, and, out of full hearts and vivid memories, they tell the story of their early years. The latest volume is "When I Was a Girl in Holland" by Cornelia de Groot, and it is simply and directly written, in a style quite as likely to arrest the attention of young readers as the tales of the professional purveyors of young people's fiction,

and much more worth while. There are a dozen or more illustrations from photographs.

"A Maid of Old Manhattan," is a story of the Dutch colonists written by Arthur Knipe and illustrated by Emilie Knipe. The maid Annetje is a child who was discovered by the Indians in the arms of a dead negro slave and brought up by the Sachem and his squaw as the princess of the tribe until a Dutch trader came into possession of her. Annetje loves her Dutch foster-mother but is still loyal to the Indians and in a time of peril to the city of Nieuw Amsterdam is a successful peace messenger between old Peter Stuyvesant and the Sachem of the Indian tribe. The story is rich in local color and has an atmosphere of adventure and romance which should make it a highly satisfactory juvenile. Besides this the characterization is excellent and Annetje is a heroine with a distinct personality. The illustrations, moreover, have the rare quality of actually illuminating the text. The Macmillan Co.

The Century Co. publishes an illustrated holiday edition of Irwin Russell's "Christmas Night in the Quarters and Other Poems" with an Introduction by Joel Chandler Harris, a biographical sketch by Maurice Garland Fulton, and twenty-nine pen-and-ink drawings by E. W. Kemble. Russell was one of the first poets to catch the negro dialect, and to reproduce the humor and sentiment which delight the negro mind. It is the real negro who tells his simple tales and rollicks through this verse, and it is the real life of the plantations that is represented in them. The operetta, which gives its title to the book, has the true negro flavor, and the prayer of "Brudder Brown," imploring a blessing upon the dance which was

about to begin, is perfect in its way. There are forty poems in all, most of them negro verse, though there are some in the Irish dialect. The pen-and-ink drawings are very clever, and excellent interpretations of the text. It is more than thirty years since Russell died, at what seemed the beginning of his literary career; but he will be long remembered for his dialect verse.

It would be quite superfluous to bespeak a welcome for Mildred Aldrich's "On the Edge of the War Zone" (Small, Maynard & Co.) for everyone who read her earlier book "A Hilltop on the Marne" will be eager to read the present volume, which takes up the narrative where the first book left it, after the Battle of the Marne, and carries it along to the joyous day last April, when the news that the United States had declared war upon Germany set the Stars and Stripes flying all over France. This book, like the earlier one, tells its story in letters, written to a friend in the United States, and, like that, it is vivid and poignant, with lighter touches here and there, and bits of personal experience and observation which make it very much alive. It was Miss Aldrich's fortune to live through these war years, as the title of her book indicates, on the edge of the war zone—often with the booming of the great guns in her ears—and she had unusual opportunities for studying the French character and watching the manifestations of the French spirit, through these years of stress and peril. It is well to have the records of operations on the different fronts supplemented by this intimate record of what has been going on in the hearts of the French people. Twelve full-page illustrations and a map add to the interest of the book.

Whoever follows Julian Street's "American Adventures" (The Century

Co.) from his departure from New York, where two beguiling friends seeing him off, cause him almost to miss his train, to his return, after leisurely studies and journeyings through Southern towns and cities, will find him one of the most delightful of travelers, keen yet sympathetic in observation, bubbling over with humor, and incapable of dullness. Through Baltimore, Washington, Richmond and Norfolk; through the "Heart of the South," Raleigh, Atlanta, Birmingham, Vicksburg and Memphis; to the "Farthest South"—Savannah, Palm Beach, Montgomery and New Orleans, Julian Street and his companion, Wallace Morgan, made their cheerful and observing way. Everywhere they had a good time; everywhere they saw things worth seeing and met people worth meeting; and everywhere they made notes and drawings which it is a delight to browse through. For the narrator was especially fortunate in his companion, the artist, who illustrates the text with eighty delicate and exquisite drawings. Altogether, the spell of the sprightly narrative and description, and of the diverting drawings will hold the reader, and anyone who takes up the book, thinking that he will merely glance through it, will find himself reading chapter after chapter, until he helps the author turn the latchkey again in his New York apartment.

"The Green Tree Mystery," by Roman Doubleday, describes the efforts of a charming heiress to discover the real murderer of her father, who is found dead in the library of his country house, and whose death the village coroner ascribes to the hand of a stranger who commits suicide the same night under a tree not far away. Dissatisfied with this verdict, since the stranger proves to be the father of a dear friend, Patty Kersey engages

a private detective. An admirer of hers whom her father has just rebuffed, and a Socialist who has a long-standing grudge against him, are among those on whom suspicion falls; an expert in hand-writing is called on, and the plot is so ingeniously developed that even the seasoned reader is surprised at the outcome. The writer has devoted his most detailed character-drawing to the Socialist, whom he plainly detests with extreme cordiality, and who plays a very shabby part. D. Appleton & Co.

A sustained reading of "Under Fire" by Henri Barbusse is not possible as the book is so saturated with the actually experienced horrors of the war that, with each dip into it, one feels that one has stepped into bottomless slime where one must surely perish. These war experiences of a poilu include everyday life in the trenches, the taking of enemy trenches under fire, life in a French village when on leave, the entraining of troops, the official shops, hospitals, and red cross workers from the poilu's standpoint, in fact, every conceivable side of war life is touched upon. The recountal is almost too convincingly real and is unrelieved by any story woven into the narrative which, however, is filled with incidents that are the acme of life's drama. "Under Fire" is heaped-up, concentrated awfulness and all readers will be inclined to agree with the conclusion of the narrator that in the years to come, it is a question whether the deeds done in this war will be looked upon as those of the heroes of Corneille and Plutarch or of hooligans and Apaches. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Katharine Holland Brown looks for the best in human nature with the insight and perseverance which too many writers use in searching out its meannesses. Lovers of genuine sen-

timent, free from the morbid or effusive, have learned to depend on her, and they will welcome with real personal gratitude the volume of her short stories called "The Wages of Honor" which Charles Scribner's Sons publish. The title story analyzes the personality and power of a hard-working, self-effacing college president; "The Master Strategist" describes the ingenious intervention of an admiral's aunt in behalf of the happiness of his granddaughter; and in "Brewster Blood" a sturdy seven-year-old youngster becomes a delightful illustration of heredity. The central figure of the first story in the group called "Of the Mississippi Country" is a drainage engineer in hard luck; of another, a Swedish maid of all work; and of the third a woman who brings her husband's dredging contract to a successful conclusion in his absence. The book closes with a trio of stories of the Mexico of Villa and Carranza, full of life and action, and written with a sympathetic appreciation of the loyalty and devotion to be found in the Mexican of the humbler type.

Ex-Ambassador James W. Gerard's "My Four Years in Germany" (George H. Doran Co.) is by all odds the most important volume in the lengthening list of war books, and the book which of all that have been written is most sure of holding an enduring place in the history of the war. No other man had the same opportunity as Mr. Gerard for watching intimately and closely all that went on in Berlin in the years immediately before the war and through the war up to the breaking of diplomatic relations with Germany and the Ambassador's departure from Berlin last February. He saw Berlin, and the Kaiser's court and advisers, and the military leaders, and the German people themselves, at close

range, and the disclosures which he makes of the plots and trickeries of which he was not only a witness, but in some instances the intended victim, are astounding—the climax being reached in the attempt which was made to induce him, after relations had been severed, and while he was waiting for his passports, to sign an important treaty in the interest of Germany, and this under the threat, that, if he did not sign it, he would make it very difficult for Americans to leave the country. Among the thirty or more illustrations in the book none is more significant than the facsimile of the personal telegram sent by the Kaiser to President Wilson, the existence of which was for so long denied, and the picture of the medal exulting over the sinking of the *Lusitania*. This medal bore the date May 5, 1915, although the *Lusitania* was not sunk until the 7th—a fact which shows how deliberately that cruel tragedy was planned. Mr. Gerard's book is one which every intelligent American should read from beginning to end. Especially should he give heed to Mr. Gerard's solemn warning that the military and naval power of the German empire is unbroken; that Germany has now, after all her losses, about nine million effectives under arms; and that there is no prospect that Germany will break under starvation or make peace because of revolution. Mr. Gerard believes that we are not only justly in this war, but prudently; and that, "If we had stayed out and the war had been drawn or won by Germany we should have been attacked—and that while Europe stood grinning by—not directly at first, but through an attack on some Central or South American State to which it would be at least as difficult for us to send troops as for Germany."